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SEPTEMBER 1941

The American Mercury

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VOLUME LIII

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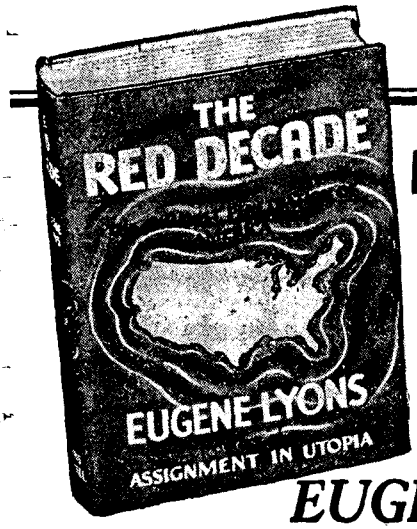

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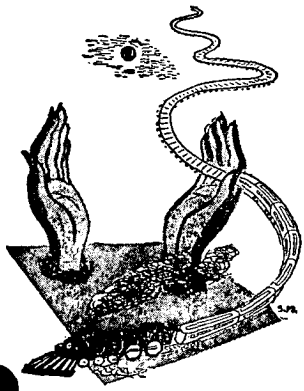

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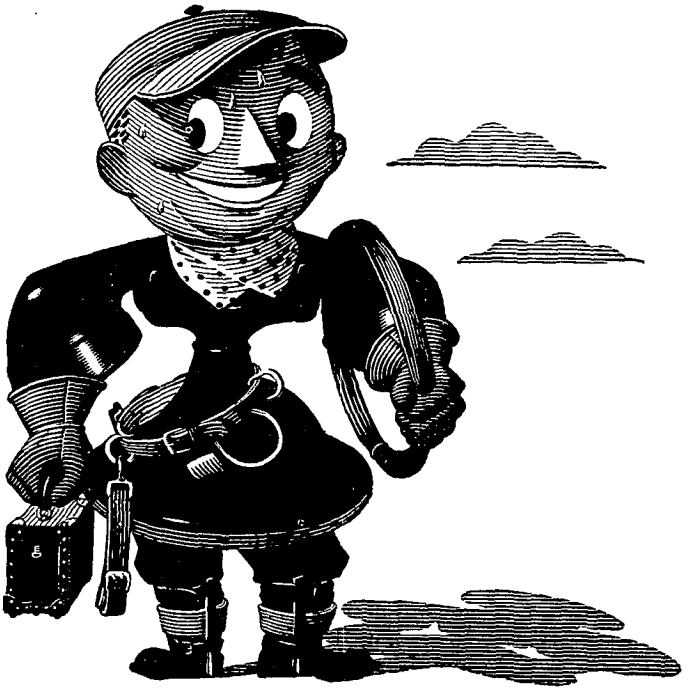

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VOLUME LIII SEPTEMBER, 1941 NUMBER 213

The American
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THE REAL FRANCE SPEAKS

By Edouard Herriot
Former Premier of France and Mayor of Lyons

Note: We are proud to publish this memoir — the first article written, since the armistice, by a democratic French statesman residing inside France. Sent, as M. Herriot says, "from the depths of his solitude," it carefully avoids direct discussion of the current tragedy. But it is significantly vibrant with love of America, England and the way of life that has been snuffed out in France. The world will recognize this article as an act of courage and patriotism. — The Editors.

On February 23, 1939, Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York, inviting me to participate in Mayors' Day at the World's Fair, wrote:

> This invitation is extended to you as Dean of Mayors of the entire world. Your great record and the policy which you established during the long period that you have been mayor of your city entitles you to this distinction, and the American mayors are anxious to express publicly their admiration and appreciation of your inspiring leadership in the field of municipal government. . . . I do hope that the situation in France will permit you to attend and to give us the pleasure and honor of having you with us.

I was deeply touched by this letter and I have kept it as something very precious. True, Mr. LaGuardia made it much too laudatory; but it contains one point that cannot be denied. I was Mayor of the city of Lyons for 35 years, from November 1905 to September, 1940. I was suspended from my activities on the anniversary of the first French Republic. In 1939

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I was unable to accept the cordial invitation of the Mayor of New York. Already we had begun to hear the rumblings of war. Accepting today the call of an American publication, I have the feeling that I have received a compensation. I seized with alacrity the opportunity offered me to "come" to my friends in the United States. It is a matter of pride with me that I have always remained faithful to them. The most beautiful moment in my public life was when in December, 1932, I sacrificed a government over which I presided, in order to respect the signature of France and not to betray our common memories of the last war.[1]

I am aware that I must choose carefully from among my many memories. The very democratic function of mayor — I have often said this in international congresses — is such that in every country in the world his obligations are the same. To record and to protect the birth of children; to watch over their infancy and the destinies of their mothers; to assure them of the best methods of instruction and education; to put at the disposal of his men establishments well equipped for health and sport; to solemnize marriage in the name of the law; to create hospitals for the sick in line with the progress of science; to open asylums for the weak; to assist the aged; to watch over the poor. Even death does not break the tie which binds the citizen to his city, since the mayor is the protector of his grave. Thus, while the heads of governments control interests often dissimilar or hostile, the mayor is the steward of human obligations. Therein lies the greatness of his office.

Among the memories which fill my journal, the most precious to me in these tragic days we are living through are the ones which bring back the beginnings of my cordial relations with two nations for which my admiration is today more fervent than ever — Great Britain and the United States.

It happened that the Mayoralty of Lyons had the great honor of collaborating in the formation of that Entente Cordiale which, in consequence, guided my policies when I was in the Cabinet or Head of the government. This is how it occurred: I had had the privilege of meeting and appreciating a man for whom I almost immediately conceived the highest esteem — Sir Thomas Barclay. A confirmed pacifist, already at the beginning of the century he believed *that the*

[1] He resigned as Premier on the issue of the French debt to the United States. — Ed.

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union of France and Great Britain was one of the best means of protecting free civilization. He suggested to me the idea of making an official visit, with a delegation from my City Council, to several cities in England and in Scotland. I agreed eagerly. So at the end of May, 1906, I started out for Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and some other cities. I still possess the program of events showing the French and British flags intertwined. One of these programs was adorned with the following prayer:

For these and all Thy mercies given
We bless and praise Thy name, O Lord;
May we receive them with thanksgiving,
Ever trusting in Thy word.
To Thee alone be honour, glory,
Now, and henceforth, for evermore.

The journey, which took us as far as the country of Rob Roy, made a deep impression upon me. I may be permitted to tell you some of its amusing sides. When we reached Manchester we were met at the station by a delegation of leading citizens. Hardly had we left our car than the crowd greeted us with a terrible volley of whistles. We were dumbfounded! In France — I have had the experience more than once! — whistling is the sign of deep disapproval. So naturally I thought that the people of Manchester were protesting against the invitation which had been extended to us by the city. But someone quickly reassured me by explaining that in England such a demonstration is an expression of cordiality.

My second anecdote is more philosophical in intent. Before we left Lyons, we had discussed at length whether we ought to take an interpreter or two along with us. But several Esperanto fanatics who were in the party assured us that all the contacts would be satisfactory, and I was simple-minded enough to believe them. Now here we were in Manchester. His Excellency Mayor Thewlis gave a magnificent reception for us in the Town Hall. Perfect cordiality. Only one obstacle — the barrier of language! At this point I decided to round up the Esperantists from all sides. Alas, this only added to the confusion! I am sure these gentlemen were all using the very same words, but each had his own manner of using them. That evening I understood that in order to bring men together, it is not enough to teach them the same language if they have not the same pronunciation.

I learned many other things too. In her passion for liberty Great Britain gives to her towns the right of self-government, which

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French centralization often curtailed or suppressed completely. I admired the institutions born of local initiative — the care given the problem of homes for workingmen; the tender regard for children; the desire to take advantage of everything that science has to teach. I verified what I had learned from my reading; what, even in the eighteenth century, Voltaire was describing to the French people — the inviolable attachment of the English to freedom. The feeling was not born in England the same way as in France. In our country it broke out just before the French Revolution. It was carried out in the principles of 1789. At times it has been abolished, but it has always been restored. In Great Britain, love of liberty has its roots in the very depths of the nation's history. It penetrates everything, extends to everything, dominates everything. The King himself places his honor in being the protector of the liberties of every citizen. After this journey, I was completely won over to these principles. From then on, *I have been convinced that Great Britain and France are two complementary nations destined together to defend liberty, human individuality, human justice. I believe it today in 1941 just as I believed it in 1906.*

As was natural, we invited our English and Scotch friends to return our visit. They did so, and remained with us for five unforgettable days in May of 1907. We wanted to make their visit coincide with that of the President of the French Republic, Fallières, and with two expositions, one of Agriculture, the other of Public Health. Our guests paid visits to our great silk and dyeing factories; to the Conditioning House for Silk, that establishment so peculiar to Lyons, whose role is "to let manufacturers and dealers know the exact quantity of water contained in raw materials, to fix for each transaction the normal condition of moisture in the goods, and thus to fix the true marketable weight." They visited one of the first hydroelectric installations, the Honage Canal. We showed them one of the oldest schools of technology, the Institute de la Martinière, which "was created by royal ordinance on November 20th, 1831, in virtue of a legacy left to his native city by Major General Martin, who was born in Lyons in 1735 and died at Lucknow in 1800, in the service of the Indian Government." Our guests also visited our universities, our schools, our hospitals.

When we were in Glasgow I had

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been invited to plant a young tree in the park. What has become of it now? I took our dear visitors to see our horticultural collections, our Parc de la Tête d'Or. Lyons is the City of Roses.

In the theatre, the great Coquelin gave a performance of the charming comedy, *The Romantics*, by Edmond Rostand, for our English and Scotch friends. Do you remember the story of that play? Sylvette, daughter of Pasquinot, and Percinet, son of Bergamin, meet on either side of the moss-covered wall separating their fathers' parks. He reads to her one of the most touching scenes in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. They sympathize with the young lovers deeply, because they are in love themselves and their fathers are unfortunately sworn enemies. . . . As soon as they have gone, the two fathers climb up the wall, shake hands and congratulate each other on the success of the scheme which they imagine has caused their children to fall in love. Soon the wall is taken down and henceforth the parks form but one property. . . .

Today in 1941, this tale seems to me symbolic. The friends of other days will know how to tear down another wall, the wall of misunderstanding.

II

My visits to Great Britain in 1906 secured for me excellent relations which have never been broken. There is nothing more delightful than having an English friend. I have had many proofs of this. I was particularly attached to Sir Daniel Stevenson, provost of Glasgow. Of my relations with England in my capacity as Mayor, I want to recall just one experience because it reveals so much about the English character.

I had decided to organize in Lyons a great exposition for the year 1914. Near the end of 1913, I realized that it would be the part of wisdom to insure my enterprise against possible deficit, and decided to apply to Lloyds of London. I took advantage of the short respite that the New Year holiday brought me. When I arrived in London, a friend introduced me to Lloyds and to their director, Mr. Heath. I laid my plans before him. When I saw Mr. Heath smile, I was tempted to excuse myself and withdraw. "Don't go," he said, "I was amused hearing you talk, because every time anyone proposes to me to insure an exposition, he promises wonders, brilliant successes, exceptional profits; and each time I am faced with

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a deficit. However, that's of no importance. Here is a pencil and a slip of paper. Write down the amount for which you wish to be guaranteed. I will deduct the premium to be paid; then the deal will be closed."

If I remember correctly, I asked for a guarantee of 3,000,000 francs. I promised to pay a premium of 250,000 francs. The whole thing was drawn up in a single sentence — in lead pencil, I repeat — and signed then and there. I was very happy for my city. The people of Lyons have the taste and the feeling for greatness, but also they cherish economy. The symbol of Lyons is Madame Récamier, who, although very beautiful and desired by the great men of her time, never really gave herself to any of them — all her life she paid from her dividends but never cut into her capital. I felt reassured.

"Now then," I said to Mr. Heath, "where shall we go to find a lawyer to transform our contract into a legal document?"

Again he laughed. "Will a lawyer be more honest than we are? Put your slip of paper in your pocket and when you get back home put it into your safe deposit box. And sleep well."

A few months later came the war. My exposition opened at last — late, like all or almost all expositions. But it met with every kind of bad luck. A tempest soaked the buildings; a sudden rising of the Rhone carried away the bridge that led to the fair grounds; strikes raged. What, I wondered, was to become of me? Full of anxiety, I wrote in the autumn to the good Mr. Heath. I had an answer back at once: "I am unable to do anything for you at this moment, because of the concern which the coming of the Zeppelins over London is giving me. Wait just a few days longer."

Very shortly after arrived from London a Lloyds confidential man, Mr. Prince. In a few hours Mr. Prince had verified my accounts. Then in the elegant flourish with which one offers a flower to a lady he handed me the check which freed me. Early the next morning he left for London. As my City Treasurer was about to deposit the check, he found that in reckoning the exchange Mr. Prince had made a mistake to his own disadvantage of 25,000 francs. I cabled immediately, and immediately I had back an answer: "Give money to a French War charity." The verification of this little story may be found in the archives of the city of Lyons.

Then I realized what it meant —

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an English signature. Later I was able to make comparisons. When the French government with M. Tardieu at its head accepted the substitution of the Young Plan for the Dawes Plan, that is to say when the Allies decided to rely upon the signature, freely given, of Germany, certain men, especially the Commission of Reparations, were alarmed to see us relinquish our guarantees. I kept a memorandum of the indignant protest to the Reichstag by the then German Chancellor. Everyone knows what happened. . . .

During the War of 1914–1918 affairs of state or of the city of Lyons took me several times to England. Here again I should like to cite only one fact. On the day after the Italian disaster of Caporetto, I found myself either in Manchester or in Liverpool, I do not remember which. English newspapers, freer than the French, published ghastly details of the size of the catastrophe.

On the very day of my arrival, it was announced that Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was holding an important meeting and I was invited to attend. I knew Mr. Law very little. I had seen him once in Paris playing chess at the Café de la Régence. An Englishman playing chess is not a man open to impressions. But knowing the Minister's reputation I was curious to hear him. I went. An immense crowd. I was invited to a seat on the platform. I even said a few words in disreputable English, but the crowd was too courteous to laugh at me. Mr. Law spoke. I remember distinctly the contents of his speech.

"I am convinced," he said to his fellow countrymen, "that in spite of the difficulties of the present moment, England is going to win the war; for there is not a single instance of a war she has waged that she has not won. But I am going to tax you just as though you were going to be beaten."

"Careful there," I said to myself, "I know countries where that kind of talk would be dangerous." But the huge audience sat quiet, perfectly attentive, taking his every word. "The outburst," I thought, "will come at the close of the speech."

He finished. There was a moment of profound concentration. Then, from somewhere at the end of the hall, the organ began to play *Rule, Britannia.* The crowd took up the strains of the national anthem and sang it out as in one great chorus. You could no longer distinguish the individual: it was one immense unity, overwhelmed by the same

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passion. The song rolled over that huge mass like wind over the ocean. With one violent drive, it swayed under the rhythm of that song like a superb ship about to take to the open sea. . . . *Then I understood that such a people was invincible when it let itself be guided by love of country and the inspiration of freedom.*

III

I did not know the United States until very much later, in 1923. With several others I had created the International Exposition at Lyons, and I had crossed the ocean to get some information and to seek advice. With the cooperation of a gifted architect whom America knows well, Tony Garnier, I was building some slaughter-houses and I wanted to inspect the stockyards in Chicago.

In the United States, as in Great Britain, what charming courtesies were shown to a Frenchman! When I visited the Marshall Field department store in Chicago, they had the tact to drape my country's flag across the entrance. In Cleveland my very dear friend, Myron Herrick, whose memory remains among us crowned with respect and gratitude, detained me on my journey and invited me to his fine estate which he modestly called his "little farm." I visited the Etienne Girard Foundation in Philadelphia. I noticed that of our philosophic creed of the eighteenth century the United States has retained not only the liberal spirit which is the basis of the political constitution of that country, but also the science of mechanical professions incited by the great effort of the Encyclopedists of the time, Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot. And I admired the ceaselessly growing appetite of the Americans for pure science, in accordance with Emerson's pregnant thought, "The spring must always be higher than the fountain."

I paid a visit to Samuel Gompers. I see him now — short, thick-set, compactly built. He is sitting at his desk completely surrounded by telephones in the little room with wide windowpanes through which I look out on the parks of Washington. I admire that small, powerful head, entirely bald; that expression of vigor, those eyes never still; those strongly marked features. He looks straight into his listener's eyes. The extended finger accentuates his arguments. Behind the gold-rimmed glasses, he fixes you with his big grey eyes. From time to time, Gompers pounds the table with a clean stroke, and interrupts himself. He relights his cigar, takes

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up his discourse again, continually gesturing with his hands. In his secretary's office, I notice a photograph of M. Foch. Gompers speaks of my country. "The workers in France," he says, "are losing their economic power by reason of their political dissensions." I do not protest.

If I was able to build many houses for workingmen in Lyons, it was possible largely because of the comfortable workmen's homes I saw in the United States.

I remember also the New York Public Library, which, in its garment of pure marble, stands like a symbol between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets and bears in its lobby the following inscription: "On the diffusion of education among the people rests the preservation and perpetuation of our institutions." In the Art Gallery of the Library I saw the portraits by Gilbert Stuart, who, having painted George Washington, gave the General's features to all his other sitters. I should like to have been able to reproduce in my own city that charming children's library with its low chairs and tables, where the very young are admitted the moment they are able to write their names.

In a corridor at Harvard University I bent respectfully over that sacred list, the Roll of Honor, where I found the names of the aviator, Victor Chapman, of André Cheronnet, of Champollion. And I reflected under the moving fresco by John Sargent. Dear city of Boston, whose voice reaches us even in these cruel times and stirs us to the depths of our soul! I remember seeing near the Community House, in front of King's Chapel and the old cemetery, an inscription to the memory of the knight, Saint Sauveur, adjutant of the French fleet, who died in 1778 after having risked his life for the United States. The words were chosen by Count d'Estaing, commander of the first fleet of ships sent out by France. It reads: "*May the efforts anyone would dare to make to separate France from America always be fruitless.*"

I left the United States with greater ambition to modernize the city of which I was Mayor. In America I had learned the value of minutes and that the motto of the man of action is not "time is money" but that "time is time." Unlike those travelers who talk to us only of American technique, I came away with the conviction that in the United States moral purpose is the motive of all activity.

During the war of 1914–1918

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I had been called to collaborate in Lyons with many American men and women of great hearts. Several traces remain of that collaboration. The most beautiful bridge in Lyons, completed during the War, was named on my suggestion, Wilson Bridge. A humorist said of our city that three rivers run through it — the Rhone, the Saône and Beaujolais wine! Of these three the first is by all odds the most violent. In spite of the widening of the river bed from its source in the Alps, it is still more like a torrent than a river. Victor Hugo wrote, "The Rhine is a lion, the Rhone, a tiger." It is famous for its periodic floods.

I had decided to furnish Lyons with a fine wide bridge. In Paris I was made to understand that the capital was content with narrower constructions. I humbly asked permission to build my bridge longer than those over the Seine. After many appeals I was given the authority. I consulted a famous French specialist, M. Auric. He was a fine scholar, an enthusiastic mathematician, and tried to convert me to geometry in the *n*th dimension. I decided, for our bridge, to be content with a work of three dimensions, of a new type, the platform resting simply on the walls. I shall never forget the opening of the bridge by a detachment of men from the American army, General Alexander cutting the three-colored ribbon which symbolically prohibited access to it. The Star-Spangled Banner was the first to wave over the Wilson Bridge in Lyons.

The United States is associated with another Lyons construction. Our hospitals are famous. But did you ever notice that hospitals become more famous the closer they draw to decay? Our old city hospital, illustrious for that school which is honored to have enrolled Ollier and Carrel, is proud of its connections with the most distant past. When, as a young Mayor, I visited it, I was reminded of this as a youthful physician put into my hand a medal which he traced back to King Chilperic and Queen Ultrogothe.

"I ask the pardon of these two authentic Merovingians, but I shall do away with their noble house," I said.

"And the tradition, sir?"

I made bold to answer, "Tradition represents today what was progress in the past. Now let us have *our* turn at progress. Thus we shall create a tradition for the future." As a matter of fact, some men build for progress, others for tradition, without perceiving that

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these are two sides of the same idea.

With the assistance of the great Garnier, of whom I have already spoken, we decided to build a new hospital on a broad site with plenty of sun and air on all sides. The basic idea was given us by the Pasteur Hospital in Paris. Before deciding on final plans, we inspected the famous hospitals of foreign lands. Those in Denmark seemed to us especially interesting. It was several years before the building was finally completed; those who profit by it and those who have inspected it will readily admit its advantages. But the hospital finished, one thing was lacking: the Faculty of Medicine remained in the heart of the town because we had not the money to remove it. The Rockefeller Foundation came to the aid of the University of Lyons. Thanks to its generosity we were able to supply Lyons with a completely modern Health Center organized for scientific research as well as for the care of the sick. The same Health Center protects another institution, the Franco-American Foundation for Visiting Nurses.

Before completing these memories, I should like to explain briefly two charities to which I was especially attached — the Free Municipal Restaurants for Nursing Women, and the Maternity Home. The Municipal Restaurants, to the number of three, function under a very simple plan. They open twice a day for women who are awaiting children and for young mothers. It is forbidden to ask these women for the slightest information concerning their nationality, their economic condition, or their religion. "You are hungry, eat." That is the charity's only principle. Only one official paper is required — a certificate of vaccination, if the woman is accompanied by a child. I take the liberty of recommending this kind of institution to all those who believe in sound principles of help.

The Maternity Home is run on the same principles. Any woman about to become a mother may be admitted without regard to race, creed or economic situation. All she need do is to present herself to the Institution's doctor. He alone, bound by the obligations of professional secrecy, will know her name, her position, her origin. Then he sends her to the Home under the name which he gives her, and it is under this name that she is received as a guest. She is constantly observed. If she is able to work, the product of her effort will be carefully conserved, and, in the form of savings, given back to her when she is ready to leave. Inso-

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far as possible advantage is taken of the opportunity to offer these women instruction and education.

Of my various organizations, the Maternity Home is the one from which I most regret being separated. How many dramatic situations I have seen there! What letters I have received! What confidences under the pledge of secrecy I have listened to! The Home has welcomed thousands of women, has seen thousands of babies brought into the world. Its mortality rate is very low. I learned there the truth that in order to save a child it must be cared for not at its birth, but before its birth, in the person of its mother. And I learned, too, that a woman who has borne a child need never be separated from it. I like to think that that Maternity Home has contributed in large part to the result that Lyons is one of the few cities in France whose birth rate is higher than its death rate.

At this point I bring my memories to a close. As will be readily admitted, they represent only a small portion of an official city life covering a period of 35 years. I wanted to show that I was bound and always will be bound to Great Britain and to the United States.

I decided not to allow myself to tell anything about the role I played in the life of the nation. That would be another matter. It would lead me to recall my second visit to the United States in 1933 when I had the privilege of talking with that splendid leader who presides over the Republic, Franklin D. Roosevelt. In him I found combined all the qualities which give a man true nobility: loyalty, justice, courage. I shall never forget the talks we had in the White House. I would not bring this article to a close without addressing to him an expression of my warm admiration, and without sending from the depths of my solitude my greetings to the great people of the United States, where differing opinions may be freely expressed and where every one, whatever his political group, cherishes a respect for the human being and for moral law.

(Translated by Morris Bentnick)

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▶ *Floor shows, hillbillies and free money in a hot Senatorial race.*

SCREWBALL ELECTION IN TEXAS

By Jack Guinn

Texas has just finished a star-spangled, bull-fiddle United States Senatorial race that would shame the efforts of a battalion of Hollywood gagmen. In a far-flung political circus, complete with side-shows and topped off with threats of Federal investigation, the Texas boys ran their little shindig wide open. When it was all over, the voters discovered they had chosen their twice-elected Governor, Wilbert Lee "Pass the Biscuits Pappy" O'Daniel, the Kingman, Kansas, lad who made good as a Texas hillbilly band leader, flour salesman, radio spieler and firm believer in the Golden Rule and the Folding Green.

O'Daniel defeated Congressman Lyndon Johnson, who enjoyed the blessing of President Roosevelt and whose campaign was cluttered with New Dealers. Johnson ran O'Daniel neck and neck and crowded him on the turns. Where the Governor had a hillybilly band and a special brand of cleverness, the Congressman had a swing band, dancing girls, blackface comedians, a well-rehearsed floor show, super-super-patriotism and, on top of all that, gave away free money. At political rallies, Johnson drew the crowds by handing out national defense bonds and stamps, thereby demonstrating his patriotic fervor and simultaneously proving that he was a handy man to have around between paydays.

Johnson's endorsers included, besides the President, Vice-President Henry A. Wallace, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard, Under-Secretary of Agriculture Grover Hill, Under-Secretary of the Interior Alvin Wirtz and sundry others. Nevertheless, O'Daniel ran over him by 1311 votes. Of course, the Governor had the advantage of two enthusiastic blocs of votes: the people who loved him dearly and the citizens who wanted to get him out of the state. Up to the last minute, Johnson led O'Daniel by about 5000 votes, but the final, though unofficial, returns showed that "Pappy" had fiddled himself in.

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Instantly a howl went up and echoed like a stutter from Texas to the District of Columbia, and eventually, by the Walter Winchell route, to every fireside in America. The FBI, it was hinted, was on the march to Texas. It would investigate, insiders said, if O'Daniel were certified over Johnson when the ballots were officially counted. To some Texas politicos that sounded like a threat. An investigation, they reflected, would certainly be silly, considering that Johnson was accused of having spent around half a million dollars on his campaign.

The whole story, however, now looks like a half-million dollar version of sour grapes. The New Deal had sent its best talent to Texas to help spend a seemingly unlimited campaign fund. All this talent and cash had been beaten by the flour salesman with a bull fiddle. The threatened investigation never came off. O'Daniel was certified and picked up enough votes in the official count to give him a lead of 1311 and the Senate post left vacant by the death of Morris Sheppard.

The campaign itself was probably the biggest musical comedy and floor show in the history of political entertainment. There were 29 contestants, all told, and each had his own ideas of personal attraction.

Congressman Martin Dies scared the wits out of Texans with stories of spy rings and sabotage. Dies sneered at the very soul of true Texas honesty — the love of hillbilly music — and lost the vote of what O'Daniel calls "the common citizens." Texas Attorney General Gerald C. Mann, former all-America football player for Southern Methodist University, who worked his way through Harvard law school by preaching, ran third in the race on a platform of superhonesty.

A colorful, although brief, candidate was Dr. John R. Brinkley of Del Rio, on the Mexican border. Brinkley, almost elected governor of Kansas once in a spirited write-in campaign, didn't fare so well with the Texas voters. For years a radio peddler of goat gland concoctions, Brinkley probably lost all his support to O'Daniel, who was promising old men cash money for nothing, in the form of old age pensions, which is probably a better bargain. Withdrawing too late to get his name off the ballot, Brinkley didn't get enough votes to choke a goat.

Hal Collins, a laxative manufacturer and dear friend of O'Daniel, was another brief candidate. Before he withdrew in favor of his friend, he attracted thousands of people to

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rallies by giving away a free mattress to the man and woman present with the most children. The busy little winners at Austin, the state's capital, had thirteen children.

Two candidates ran entirely on the records of their deceased ancestors. They were Joseph C. Bean and Edwin Waller III. Bean claimed he was a cousin of both Ellis P. Bean, a Texas revolutionary hero who gained fame by spending several years in a Mexican prison with a pet lizard named Bill, and Judge Roy Bean, who was "The Law West of the Pecos." Edwin Waller III said he was a descendant of Edwin Waller, who also figured in the Texas fight against Mexico. The first Waller is credited with committing the first "overt act" of the revolution by stirring up trouble with some Mexicans who said he couldn't move his boat.

II

The list of unknowns and unsuccessfuls included, among other things, a bootlegger and a kidnapper. There was a Baptist preacher running on a platform of prohibition (with a beer-drinking press agent); a Naval Academy graduate who wanted to declare immediate war on everybody in general, Japan in particular; a geologist who demanded $50 pensions for everybody over 65 and $5 pensions for everybody else; a Republican; a Communist; a chiropractor and two men with beards.

But the main campaign, in all its star-spangled, fiddle-tuned and folding money glory, was between "Pappy" O'Daniel and Lyndon Johnson. The latter led off by announcing his candidacy, as his press agents liked to say, "from the White House steps." The President called him "an old, old friend," which Johnson claimed was equal to endorsement. O'Daniel thereupon claimed the spotlight by appointing 86-year-old Andrew Jackson Houston, only living son of Texas' Number One Hero, Sam Houston, to fill the Senate vacancy until election. Senator Houston died before the balloting began.

Then Johnson announced that Under-Secretary of the Interior Wirtz, a fellow Texan, had resigned his job to come home and manage his campaign. Johnson indicated that this was another administration endorsement, and declared that a vote for Johnson was a vote against Hitler. O'Daniel came back with charges that Washington politicians "couldn't run a peanut wagon," that the President was surrounded by "professional poli-

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ticians," and that he, "Pappy," was going to Washington to "really help that boy." Johnson defended Washington politicians, announced the support of Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, and said a vote for Johnson was a vote against Mussolini.

Thus it went, back and forth. O'Daniel alternated between condemning the Texas legislature as a bunch of lobbyist-loving crooks who ate plank steaks and wore shoes, and denouncing the national professional politicians who had plunged the nation into debt. O'Daniel said that when he got to Washington he would do something right away about retiring this debt. Every time O'Daniel denounced somebody, Johnson ran in another Washington Democrat and proclaimed his hate for totalitarianism and his love for President Roosevelt.

Finally, O'Daniel could stand it no longer; he announced that he, too, loved the President and told how he had written and dedicated a song to the President in 1933. He played the song and his hillbilly band sang it. It was twangy, with yipees and yessirs in the right places, down to earth and homey. Americanism straining at the leash. The third verse, for example, ran like this:

So onward, noble President,
We pledge our faith in you,
'Cause when we see your smiling face,
We never can feel blue;
So smile and pray — work hard each day,
And soon things will be bright;
The sun will shine — we'll all feel fine;
Everything will turn out right.

But Johnson staged the best show. It cost a small fortune or else Johnson has more friends who will work for nothing than any man since slave labor. One wag said that the only reason Johnson lost the election was because his campaign workers double-crossed him and didn't vote. He had press agents who crowded Texas newspapers full of flowery prose. They referred to him as "the native Texan candidate." He was also the "six-foot-three, friend of Roosevelt," and the boy from "the hill country," who was always "riding high."

The riding high phrase probably derived from the fact that he and his retinue traveled from rally to rally by airplane. Before the entourage arrived at a city by air, the event was presaged by full-page advertisements in daily newspapers, proclaiming that everyone was invited to attend a "patriotic rally" for "Roosevelt and Unity," with plenty of free entertainment, plus a chance at some free money. In addition, Mr. Lyndon Johnson had been prevailed upon to talk.

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A popular place was the bandstand in a local park. The background for the speaker was a huge painting of Lyndon Johnson shaking hands with President Roosevelt. Both were smiling. Underneath, in red-white-and-blue lettering, were the words "Roosevelt and Unity." Underneath the picture of Roosevelt and Unity was a squirrel-cage affair which contained the tickets in the national defense bond and stamp lottery.

The program opened with a hot number by Johnson's white-coated swing band. Thousands of people stood out under the trees, fighting off summer bugs and moths. The night was hot but the thousands of customers would sooner melt in their tracks than leave before the drawing for free money.

The band stopped abruptly and a 285-pound woman hipped out to the public address system microphone. Advertised as "The Kate Smith of the South," this husky came out in a tarpaulin-sized white evening gown, decorated with red-white-and-blue ribbons, to sing *I Am an American.* The crowd cheered and sang with her and then she introduced another female singer who handed the citizens the O'Daniel technique in a nasal-treble, hillbilly rendition of *I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart.* Then the fat lady sang *Dixie* and *The Eyes of Texas.* The other singer came back with *San Antonio Rose,* which cinched the support of everybody who wasn't taken in by Robert E. Lee or the Alamo.

Before the happy crowd then appeared Johnson's master of ceremonies, a former radio announcer with a sad, dramatic voice, who spoke quietly and calmly to the audience about the state of world affairs. He began a dramatic monologue about the sadness and utter despair of the world before Roosevelt. He mentioned the hunger, the unemployed, the homeless. (The band played a background of sad music.) Then came 1932 and Roosevelt! (The band hit it hard. A bugle blared above the sound of martial music.) The banks opened! People had chicken bones and ice cream! But (sad music again) all was not well enough. Everything could be better. What did the people do? They re-elected Roosevelt! (The band went up again, with ruffles and flourishes.) There was more prosperity! More jobs! Everything was saved!

But (ominous music) there had appeared on the horizon the troubled signs of war. Democracy was endangered all over the world and this country needed someone it could trust. What did the country

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do? Third term! The band blared louder than ever and the throngs, lifted by the music and the dramatic voice, cheered again and again. Then the band got back into its sad music groove. The war was getting closer. Roosevelt needed a man who loved his country, who loved America! *God Bless America* the band blared; everybody on the speaker's stand stood — and out ran Lyndon Johnson, holding up his hands to stop the cheers.

The crowd, limp and near collapse from emotion, didn't have energy enough to leave when Johnson started his speech. When he finished, the squirrel-cage was brought out and the free money was given away. The crowd remained loyally until the last cent had been distributed.

III

O'Daniel's show was not as spectacular. He repeated the old formula which had elected him twice to the governorship of Texas. He toured the state with his hillbilly band and three children — Mickey Wickey, Patty Boy, and Molly — and extemporaneously harangued the crowds gathered at his feet. O'Daniel boldly and uncompromisingly praised virtue, religion and sobriety. His platform, he never failed to stress, was the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. He jeered at politicians and wealth, comparing his own poverty-stricken boyhood with the "mahogany-lined offices" of "influence-peddling politicians." Texans like to believe that a successful man is one who never got past the seventh grade because the family mule died when he was 14 and 40 miles was too far to walk; who was born in a log cabin, ate hog and hominy three times a day, was baptized and became a self-made man. O'Daniel is pointed out as a "good man" because of his Sunday morning radio broadcasts during which he urges people to go to church, to love one another in the prescribed manner, to tell the truth, avoid crime and take no active part in sin.

Nobody knows why it works. It just does. It may be that he transmits his abiding faith in his own pre-ordained "destiny" to the crowds which follow him so religiously. Near the end of the campaign, when the returns showed O'Daniel behind, the Texas Election Bureau, a conservative organization if there ever was one, declared that only a "miracle" could win for "Pappy." O'Daniel announced that he and his family had prayed for a miracle. He also asked

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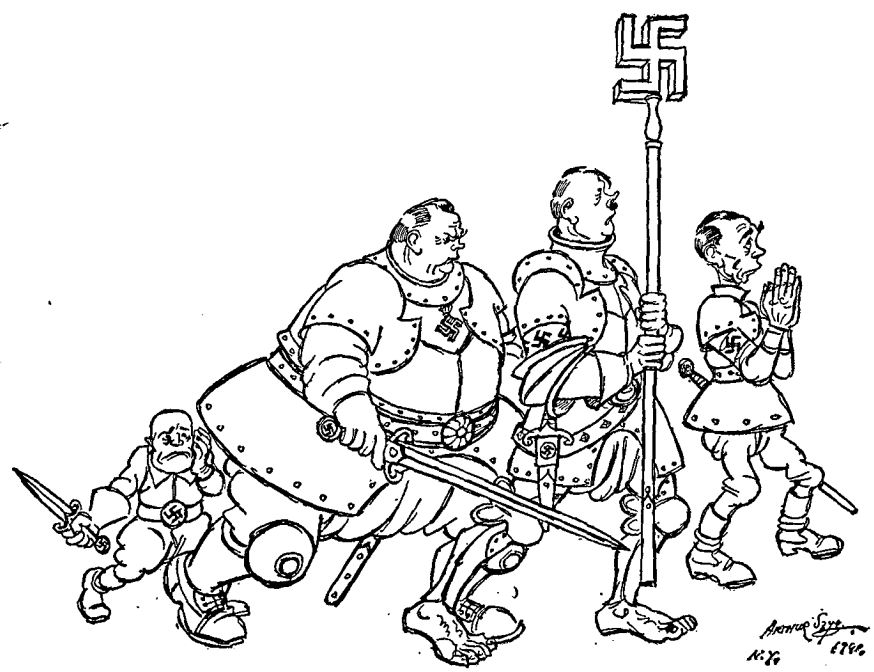
his followers to pray. They did and the "miracle" happened.

O'Daniel is a former Kansan who has out-Texaned Texans and won, single-handed, one of the biggest political games a national machine ever sat in on. But he has larger aspirations. He wants to be President of the United States. And when 1944 rolls around, you can bet your black-eyed peas he'll be in there fiddling.

. . . —V. . . —



"Vorwärts, Christian Soldiers!"

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▶ *One of the founders of the Nazi Party, now Hitler's Nemesis, asks:*

IS GERMANY'S MORALE CRACKING?

By Otto Strasser
Head of the anti-Hitler "Black Front"

SINCE the beginning of the year I have received, through secret channels, more than half a hundred letters from inside the Nazi Reich. They have come from many parts of Germany, many types of Germans; not only from adherents of the Black Front, my own underground group fighting Hitler, but also from Army officers, state functionaries, and a few even from important members of the Hitler Party. I feel justified, on the basis of this correspondence and my interpretation of news events, in forming a fairly sharp impression of the present mood of the German people — their spiritual and moral attitudes after eight years of Nazi tyranny. That impression, on which I am ready to stake my reputation, is that Germany's morale is cracking between the upper stone of hope and the nether stone of fear.

"We are sick and tired of these victory celebrations and parades," one letter in my possession complains. "Hitler asks for greater and yet greater sacrifices, but still he doesn't get England down. People were not enthusiastic when Athens was taken. There are plenty of women and children wearing black, despite all threats from the [Nazi] party." A postcard before me as I write says: "I am sitting here near Hamburg Railway Station and look peacefully down the Alster River." Translated, it means that at least six blocks of houses must have been bombed away for the river to be visible from the railway station. The dread of bombing is an ever-present strain.

The common element in all the letters is the firm conviction of ordinary Germans that the war will be finished this year. The vast majority of them count confidently on a victorious finish. Repeatedly, in many variations, there is the sentence: "Next autumn (several even say summer) our soldiers will be back home and our sufferings will be over." The attack on Russia dealt this hope a staggering blow, and Hitler sought to restore the equilibrium by promising to be in

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Moscow in a fortnight, to bring Russia to its knees in a month.

The confidence in victory has something convulsive in it. There is about it a desperation that seems an aspect of bottomless fatigue. The German people are like a man on a long march with a heavy load, suffering every kind of privation, who is sustained only by the belief that he is near his destination. They are worn out psychologically, tired of trying to be as iron-willed as the Führer demands.

The truth of this is implicit in the tactics of the Nazi home propaganda. It was Hitler, in his New Year's proclamation, who gave the people of the Reich a binding promise that the war will be finished in 1941 "with the greatest victory of all times." Goebbels has stressed this short-term perseverance at every opportunity. I have a letter from a high Nazi functionary which even intimates that Goebbels seeks deliberately to nail Hitler down in this respect. Early this April Goebbels told foreign correspondents that Germany would win the war this summer and reiterated Hitler's New Year's promise. The Nazi leaders know quite well that only this hope enables the German people to keep plodding along the agonizing road. We must never forget that for the Germans this Via Dolorosa began not on September 1, 1939, but on January 30, 1933.

It might seem contradictory that the deep fatigue is coupled with belief in victory, but the contradiction is entirely natural. Precisely because the German people are so deadly tired they cling desperately to their government's promise of a victorious conclusion, just as a patient clings to the doctor's assurance that he will soon recover. The convulsive hope of early victory seems to attest a lack of moral reserves in Germany. The contrast with the patient, dogged determination of the English people is truly startling. That is why Hitler is compelled to give abnormally low figures of losses and to prevent open signs of mourning for the dead. The German population cannot and would not stand for the truth.

The flight of Rudolph Hess, whom I knew intimately in the years when we worked together, seems to me a sensational confirmation of the news that has reached me from Germany for many months. It confirms that German morale is strained to the limit and kept from breaking only by the hope of victory this year. And it confirms that a bitter inner struggle for control is now under way and

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gaining momentum inside Germany. It is a fight to the death. The protagonists are, on the one hand, Hitler and the inner group of the Nazi party and, on the other hand, Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering,[1] the Prussian generals, leading industrialists and bankers.

II

Within Germany the Hess affair unloosed floods of wild rumors about conflicts on the highest levees of German leadership — itself a telltale symptom. By this time it is certain that the sensational flight of Hess is somehow related to the war on Russia. It is no less certain that a strong group among the German Army officers hold to the old Bismarckian theory that Germany must lose every war in which Russia is on the enemy side. The German Army, contrary to widespread misconceptions on the matter, was opposed to the Russian war and warned Hitler against it. But the Führer considered the campaign inevitable and merely dispatched the pro-Russian generals and colonels to less important fronts in the Balkans, Denmark and Norway.

I do not for a minute believe that Hitler and Hess have quarreled. The personal loyalty and friendship between these two men is beyond doubt. In Germany they have been described by a familiar slang phrase that can best be translated for Americans as "buddies." Only Heinrich Himmler has held for Hitler a personal devotion comparable with that displayed by Hess. I do not pretend to have an answer to the riddle of that flight. But I am convinced that Hess has read the handwriting on the wall: the coming collapse of Nazism, the purging of Hitler and his associates, the seizure of power by the Prussian military clique, with Goering displacing Hitler as the popular leader. He fled Germany not only to save his own skin, but in a romantic and desperate attempt to head off the catastrophe, if possible, by wresting a compromise from Britain.

The conflict between Hitler and the generals — between the Army and the Party — is now raging. We have had evidence of it before, but always Hitler and the military chiefs have been able to patch up their differences on the surface and work together on their common plans for world conquest. The possibility of another patch-up, now that Hitler is embarked on his Russian adventure against the

[1] This was written before the unconfirmed reports of trouble between Hitler and Goering reached the world.—Ed.

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Army's advice, depends largely on a rapid and spectacular triumph in the East. On the side of the Prussian generals now stand many of those who foolishly believed that in supporting Hitler they could rebuild Germany and ward off Bolshevism — the industrialists of the Thyssen and Krupp school, the banking groups, the big landowners. Their representative in the Nazi hierarchy has never been Hitler, but Goering.

The Army chiefs have abandoned hope of final victory. They realize that the conquests by Hitler's legions are tenuously held; that land victories are useless without victory over British sea control; that with the marshalling of the full armed might of the British nations and the industrial might of the United States, Germany is doomed to defeat.

I am in possession of a secret report, obtained through a Gestapo leader who has for years been one of my best agents in the Reich. The report gives details of a talk by Himmler before the General Staff in which he demanded that 500,000 Storm Troopers be freed from Army service for use on the "home front" in Germany, in the fight against the Opposition, the Fifth Column within the Reich. At that conference, the report indicates, officers declared quite openly that a war against Russia would be "a war of desperation" and that if Britain is not won over to peace by the attack on Russia, Germany may win more wars but will have no chance of winning a final peace.

Peace efforts in the West are the most important phase of the war in the East. That much is beyond doubt. But I do not believe that Hess brought the most realistic proposals. Hess does not speak for the Army, and it is most unlikely that they would use him as their intermediary. I believe that the peace feelers are being made over the heads of the Führer and his associates, and that they undertake, as a guarantee of good faith, to liquidate Hitler and all Nazi extremists. Hess must know of the unity of powerful groups against Hitler and their eagerness to find a solution at Hitler's expense. He must see that the days of the Nazi extremists are numbered. Is it possible that he decided not to be in Germany when the blood purge begins, this time with Hitler and his blood-stained crew as victims? If so, he must have rationalized his escape in terms of service to his leader by a personal mission looking toward the ending of the war.

Only the most recent letters reaching me speak of the Balkan

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and Russian victories. The comments, though few as yet, are significant. They indicate that Nazi conquests in the Balkans have not made as strong an impression in Germany as they have, for instance, in America. The German people, and especially the German officers, recall that once before Ludendorff was in Sofia and Belgrade — and Germany lost the war. They know that Ludendorff was once in Constantinople and Damascus, and the General Staff remembers quite well the two battles of Kut el Amara, the first one an enormous victory for Germany, cancelled out by the second one. All Germans remember, particularly at this juncture, that their country held the Ukraine when a shattering defeat in the West, after America's entry into the fight, overwhelmed them.

The same sort of doubts apply to all offensives in Asia Minor and North Africa. Not doubts of the outcome in these sectors, but doubts of the ultimate value of the sacrifices and the temporary victories. The Russian offensive has frightened Germany, which feels that even victory must be paid for in hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of casualties. On land the German people consider themselves invincible, but they have an instinctive fear of British sea power and of the infinite reserves of the British Empire. Only a few of the letters say *how* the victory will be won this year. This is not for fear of censors, since the letters with few exceptions come by uncensorable routes. It is because the Germans cannot form a clear idea on the subject.

As far as the question is asked and answered, it is generally contended that after the expected triumphs in the Mediterranean, Asia Minor and Russia, "the last offensive" will be launched directly against England and, if necessary, also against the United States. The Goebbels ministry is emphasizing the might of Japan, which will open oil and other resources to Germany from the Dutch East Indies and the British colonies in the Pacific. But there is no conviction and no enthusiasm in any of these answers.

A report in my hands emanating from German Army circles is filled with utmost skepticism on the issue of invasion of England. The German Navy leaders say that outright invasion is impossible; the Air Force and the Army might solve this problem, say naval leaders, but not the Navy! The Army, for its part, shares the German people's traditional nervousness of

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the sea and declares that it cannot guarantee the success of an invasion without safe sea communications. Last year the *Luftwaffe* was sure that it could seize mastery of the English skies to cover an invasion. After the disastrous experience of August and September, 1940, Goering's self-confidence is not shaken, but saner and more sober men do not share his faith.

III

To the German Army Command the American occupation of Iceland was a particularly hard blow. I have long known, in fact, that the German General Staff has detailed plans for meeting the threat of an Anglo-American or merely an English army landing in Norway from Iceland. The Germans shudder at the possibility. The plan of defense foresees the combination of an Anglo-American landing in Scandinavia, Russia supporting the move through Murmansk-Petsamo-Kirkenes, and the Norwegian people rising simultaneously against their Quislings and Nazi overlords. The presence of America in Iceland must have brought that nightmare closer for German military circles.

Knowing Hitler's character and his internal position as well as I do, I feel certain that he has sought and is seeking, at any cost, to force a decision in 1941. The Army refused to undertake an invasion of the British Isles. I know specifically that one general, belonging to the conservative opposition, told the Army Command: "We may perhaps land in England, but we'll be hurled back into the sea." Hitler turned against Russia, in the hope of obtaining a decision through diplomacy. He craves peace because he doubts that the morale of the German people will stand a new war winter. He is also aware that an attempted invasion of Britain in 1942 would be ten times as risky as it is today.

Increasingly, too, the stirring of America fills the subconscious mind of the Germans with fears and the conscious minds of the Prussian generals with gloomy forebodings. With all the means at its disposal, the propaganda leaders try to suppress these fears: by not speaking of America at all when possible, or by belittling its role. But Goebbels cannot suppress the memory of the last war, when America was similarly belittled. Therefore he dares not take the old 1917 line of argument. He no longer tries to minimize the strength of America, but rather insists that such strength will be used too late to save Eng-

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land — in effect, the same argument employed so repetitiously at the other end by American non-interventionists. With the start of the Russian campaign, Goebbels' propaganda has included the statement that America cannot possibly give timely aid to Russia.

Thus the propaganda in relation to America is simply an extension of the larger theme that the end of the war is near. It is a propaganda destined in the nature of the case to boomerang. A will-to-victory, artificially supported by false hope, must collapse suddenly when the falsity of the hope becomes apparent. It was recognition of this real danger which led Hitler, in his Reichstag speech of April 4, to move the date of victory a little farther away. Yet he was obliged to declare 1941 as decisive.

It may surprise some people that I place so much stress on the morale factor. But those who really know German conditions will agree with me that the outcome of this war will be determined finally on the battleground of morale. During the whole course of the war, in hundreds of intimate letters, I have had no indication that difficulties with food or raw materials would lead to the collapse of the Nazi regime. On the contrary, Germany is in a better position economically than in the previous war, because of long and effective planning and preparation. The rationing figures indicate that Germany is not much worse off than Switzerland or Russia, and much better off than France or Spain. Consumption of war materials has been relatively light, because of the character of the fighting, at least until the start of the Russo-German war. There are tangible shortages and mounting difficulties, but none of my correspondents considers them catastrophic. Neither is there any "bottleneck" on fresh recruits, a problem which plagued Germany in 1914–18.

No, the weakest link in the German chain is neither economic nor military. It is morale. The fundamental reason for weakness in morale, of course, is a conflict, at the core, between the German people and the Hitler system. I estimate on the basis of exhaustive information from inside Germany that, at most, 10 per cent of the people are behind that system by conviction, and at least 10 per cent are no less opposed to the system by conviction. The remaining 80 per cent are "non-political." They follow the victor. And that is why Hitler has needed a major victory every six months since his accession to keep his regime going.

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As long as he could, through the weakness and complacency of the democracies, reap political successes in foreign policy — then military successes — the 80 per cent have gone along more or less automatically with the dominant 10 per cent. As soon, however, as Hitler suffers a visible military failure which shakes the popular confidence in early victory, the "non-political" mass will drift rapidly to the 10 per cent in conscious opposition, and that includes parts of the Army leadership.

Another cause of moral debility which must not be overlooked is *the bad conscience of the German people.* At bottom the Germans have an overpowering desire to be liked by the world, to be "understood" and accepted. They realize that they have done a grave wrong to the Czechs, the Poles, the Norwegians. The Germans stood united with Hitler in condemning the Versailles treaty, and even in "liberating" Germans under non-German rule, but they shy away psychologically from the later policies of subjugating non-German peoples.

One consequence of this bad conscience is a far greater sensitivity of the German people to air bombing, as compared to other populations. There is scarcely an uncensored letter from Germany which does not speak with real horror of British bombings and of the terror caused by each new alarm. This is all the more strange because the air assaults on German population centers have been relatively mild compared with those which the English people have suffered. It is not difficult to foresee the shattering effects on morale once the RAF can repay bomb with bomb. I venture to say that the Germans — not because they are less brave, but because their conscience is not clear — could not take half the blows that the English have taken so magnificently.

Thus the German people are wavering between hope and fear. Hope for an early victory this year. Fear of the failure of an invasion attempt, fear of entry of the United States into the war, fear of British air reprisals. I regard this Fall as the critical moment on the battleground of German morale. If, by then, the British will have recognized the crucial importance of that battle, and will have given full attention to its possibilities, *a revolution in Germany is a real likelihood.* And revolution, more than any other single factor, can bring full victory to the democracies.

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SIX DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR SZYK

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is pleased to present in this issue six original drawings by Arthur Szyk, the celebrated Polish artist now residing in America. Mr. Szyk's illustrations are familiar to book lovers the world over. Recently Putnam's made a volume of his topical cartoons available to a larger public under the title *The New Order*. His work has been reprinted by newspapers and periodicals. But this is the first time that Mr. Szyk is contributing his sharp commentary on world affairs directly for an American magazine, as a regular feature.

Mr. Szyk has created a truly original form of cartoon art, distinguished by fine composition, lucidity, firmness and brilliant characterizations. Polish born, his career unfolded chiefly in Paris. He interrupted his art studies in that city to fight for Russia in the first World War and later joined the Polish Army against the Bolsheviks. His son is now fighting with the Free French forces.

"Don't worry, Joseph, we still have the French Consulates!"

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STRANGER THAN FICTION

Stalin: *"There . . . will . . . always . . . be . . . an England. . . ."*

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▶ *Would the Soviets survive defeat? Can Russians fight guerilla war?*

THE LIMITS OF RUSSIAN RESISTANCE

By Freda Utley

Hitler's Panzer divisions and Luftwaffe are deep within Russia, hammering at the Eastern giant, as this article goes to press. The results are still in doubt. Watching the mighty spectacle, the world inevitably asks questions crucial for the outcome of the larger war: Could the Soviet government survive severe military defeats and the loss of most of its European territory? Would effective guerilla warfare be waged in conquered areas? No less inevitably, one turns to the experience of China in seeking the answers.

In China the loss of many battles and capital cities and the retreat of government and army into the interior have not meant a Japanese victory. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek moved his capital from Nanking to Hankow in 1937, to Chunking a year later. He could assert confidently, "Wherever I am, there is the capital of China, and the center of national resistance." In four years of war Japan has been unable to break the will of the Chinese people to resist. She has occupied most of the fertile and productive provinces and cut Free China off from the sea. But her hold on the conquered territory remains tenuous and does not extend far beyond the towns, railways and main roads. Guerilla forces and the hostility of the peasant population have prevented consolidation of the conquests or their economic exploitation, while necessitating a large army of occupation.

Most observers are assuming that Germany in Russia will be confronted with the same hopeless task as Japan in China. Russia, too, has a vast area, a huge population, rich resources, a low standard of living, and could deny to the invader any profit from his conquests by waging relentless guerilla warfare. Some optimists, like Edgar Snow,[1] lacking first-hand knowledge of the Soviet Union, even believe that Russia "in terms of political morale" is "immeasurably stronger" than China, and hence able to wage guerilla warfare even more successfully.

[1] *The New Republic*, July 14, 1941.

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A closer examination of the Russian picture suggests that such assumptions are likely to collapse along with other examples of wishful thinking. The writer, having lived and worked in Russia and spent a half year in China, cannot share the optimism. True, Russia is so large that, like China, she ought to be able to "trade space for time." But whereas China has both the advantages and disadvantages of being primitive in her economy and administrative organization, Russia has lost the tactical advantages of being primitive without gaining the benefits of modernization. This basic fact may easily annul the favorable strategic and geographic factors which Russia shares with China.

In China, by and large, the people of each province, even of each district, can live off the produce of the locality. Chinese agriculture depends upon human muscles. Handicraft industries in the interior provinces have survived to supply the necessities of life and are being extended by the Industrial Cooperative movement. In Russia, on the other hand, agriculture has been mechanized. It depends upon supplies of gasoline and upon facilities for repairing and replacing machinery. The Ukraine alone is reported to have 90,000 tractors and 30,000 mowing machines. Horses were largely liquidated together with *kulaks* in the period of forced collectivization. Yet the millions of capital sunk in agriculture over the past decade have not substantially increased its yield; Russian grain harvests of recent years have been little if any larger than in Tsarist times, if the same method of computing them is employed.

Before the Revolution, handicraft industries supplied a large part of the daily needs of the people. But these industries have been destroyed under the Stalin regime. The once flourishing artisan and domestic textile industry died during the first Five Year Plan, when it became a crime to operate hand looms and most of them were actually destroyed. Artisans who produced shoes and utensils and other necessities with tools of their own were classified as "petty bourgeois" and duly liquidated. Yet the new centralized industries have been unable to compensate for the elimination of artisan and domestic production. Thus local economic self-sufficiency has been largely destroyed in Russia.

Soviet administration has been even more highly centralized than economic life. Local initiative and self-reliance — the essence of guerilla warfare — have been destroyed

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along with private enterprise. The population has become as dependent upon orders from Moscow as upon supplies from a few industrial centers. Indeed, the Soviet government is so thoroughly identified with Moscow that its mere removal elsewhere would prove a great if not decisive shock to the populace. It is not impossible that Stalin in Kazan or Sverdlovsk or Tomsk will lose the magic of Stalin in his Moscow Kremlin.

While decentralization has been a great debit to China in other ways, it has helped her to maintain isolated and self-sufficient islands of resistance throughout the occupied regions. In Russia everything has been so abnormally centralized that all action may be paralyzed when the main powerhouses of political authority are put out of commission. Action is not in the slightest dependent upon the local population but upon local bureaucrats backed by the internal GPU forces. The country has been unified and driven along the zigzag Party line by compulsion and terror. This fact, combined with the vastness of her territory, and with the circumstance that for an even longer period than in Germany everything has been sacrificed to military preparedness, gives the USSR a short-term advantage as compared with other victims of Nazi aggression. It is essentially the advantage of a totalitarian set-up enforcing an immense accumulation of war materials. In China, lack of preparation and of arms made defeat in pitched battles inevitable but primitive ways made guerilla tactics thereafter easier. In Russia the situation is reversed. The advantages of the first stage of the war, if they do not suffice to defeat the Germans, are likely to turn into handicaps in later stages.

Both in industry and agriculture Russia's excessive centralization must work in Germany's favor once she has driven the Red Army back. Take, as one example, the so-called collectivized farms. The fact that the Soviet government has herded the peasants together to work on large farms under the supervision of the police would facilitate the task of the German conquerors. Japan in China had to cope with millions of individual peasant producers, so that coercing them to work and deliver crops has been an impossible job. In the Soviet Union the government has already perfected a system for controlling the agrarian population and forcing it to hand over the products of its toil to a central authority.

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II

The fantastic idea that Russia has any advantage over China or Norway or Holland in regard to political morale is based on the illusions spread by fellow-travelers of the communists. Even the Chinese peasant, heavily burdened by rent and taxes, has more of a "stake in the country" than the "collectivized" Soviet farmer. The tenant, scraping a living from a small plot of land in China, feels to some extent that he is working for himself. His angers, moreover, are directed against the landlord and the usurer rather than the government, as in the USSR.

Of the hatred of the Russian peasant for the Soviet regime there can be little doubt. Stalin to them is the tyrant who deprived them of the land they took over in 1917; who forces them to work on government estates under communist taskmasters; who punishes them if they dare break up and cultivate waste land for their own benefit. Few peasant families, especially in South Russia, but have memories of relatives or friends who were exiled to the Arctic or Siberian wastes or died in the man-made famine of 1932–33. Like the medieval serfs whose overlords fought among themselves, the Russian peasant cannot feel that a change of masters can make his miserable lot any worse. The Germans are politically more astute than the Japanese. They know how to divide and conquer. The deep discontents and hatreds stored up in the peasant population of Russia are likely to be exploited by the invaders. If there should be guerilla outbreaks notwithstanding, they will certainly be directed against the Red no less than against the Brown taskmasters.

The feelings of the Russian workers are more difficult to estimate. Have the past ten years of ever more oppressive labor laws, the wiping out of the last vestige of trade-union influence, the police regime in every factory and mine, entirely eradicated the hopes and aspirations of 1917? Will the workers continue to risk their lives and to obey the Soviet authorities if and when the towns begin to starve; if and when the Soviet military machine is defeated; if and when the swastika flies over the Kremlin? No one knows the answers. But it is hard to imagine the apathy and skepticism which swept over Russia in recent years transformed into revolutionary ardor. The war is demonstrating that there is latent patriotism among the soldiers and perhaps among civil-

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ians. But can the fatalistic courage of the Russians and their conditioning to hardship and to terror make up for the appalling condition of Russian transport, the disorganization and muddle which are the predominant features of Soviet life? For more than a decade Russia has concentrated on piling up arms. The difficulties of the Red forces will be multiplied immeasurably when Russia gets down to utilizing her current production. Once accumulated stocks are depleted, Russia's inability to repair and replace damaged equipment will become quickly apparent.

Above all, Russia today lacks the technicians and managers, the industrial and administrative personnel, to maintain production and transport at a high wartime level. With the launching of the Five Year Plan, at the very time when the services of non-party specialists were indispensable, Stalin started to liquidate them as a class. They were made the scapegoats for all failures under the Plan. Hitler had the Jews as whipping boys; Stalin chose the specialists and the better-off farmers.

From 1929 to 1932 tens of thousands of the wretched engineers and scientists and industrial directors were arrested and condemned without trial to concentration camps and even to death. The later and more publicized purges of 1936–39, which affected mainly the Communist Party members and the Red Army, completed the process. The victims cannot be recalled in Russia's hour of dire need. It is absurd and indecent to argue, as the innocent Edgar Snow does, that "the loss of technical ability involved in this liquidation will not be so serious a handicap in Soviet defense as the absence of a Fifth Column will be," and that "Russia's traitors have been extirpated in advance." There is not a shadow of proof for such cynical assumption that the tens of thousands liquidated were "traitors." In any case it speaks ill for the morale of the country that the government, in less than ten years, found it necessary to imprison five to seven million "traitors" and kill off perhaps a hundred thousand more. The Fifth Column in Russia, as the Edgar Snows fail to recognize, consists of the millions of victims of protracted and pervasive terrorism.

I write as an economist who has for years studied Russian life at close range. It may be that even poor and backward China has a larger number of technically competent men than Russia. And whereas the struggle for existence in China has developed initiative

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and intelligence among the poorest, in Russia it has developed toadying, ca'canny, slothfulness and indifference. What centuries of Tartar invasion and oppression had begun, the Stalin regime has completed. The average Russian has lost the belief that any effort of his can improve his material conditions. His main energies are directed toward evading the clutches of the secret police and hiding the defects in his work.

This seems to me dubious material for guerilla resistance — certainly as long as the Soviet regime remains as the beneficiary of popular sacrifice.

III

For all these reasons it is difficult to believe that the Soviet government would long survive the loss of Moscow or smashing military defeats. As long as effective communications can be maintained, as long as the apparatus of coercion remains in being under Stalin's orders, the Russian armies will fight and the factories will produce for the armies. But once the straitjacket of terrorist compulsion is loosened by the central government's difficulties, once the prestige of Stalin's mailed fist is weakened, once the soldiers and officers are forced down to the same low material level as the populace by lack of supplies, it does not seem rash to prophesy that cooperation with the dictatorship will gradually decline. It may be foreseen, indeed, that the peasant soldiers may try to get home as they did in 1917.

And then? Civil war may break out or anarchy accompanied by massacres of the local bureaucrats. Whether or not there exist in Russia elements capable of forming a new government or of ruling in Germany's interests is a moot question. Perhaps the greatest of Stalin's crimes is that he killed all those who might have served as focal centers of national reorganization in a period of disintegration. Should the Soviet government survive to establish itself in another capital, it will find it increasingly difficult to keep its coercive apparatus intact. Modern terror is a mechanized process requiring open communications and uninterrupted organization. The maintenance of morale by measures of force has certain advantages so long as the war is one of mass against mass. It is exceedingly doubtful, however, whether such measures can be effective in a long war, with isolated centers of resistance utilizing guerilla techniques. The Stalin

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regime would then be in constant dread of its own forces.

Mr. Snow in his innocence may imagine that the government will extend "full political support" to Soviet guerillas and give them "the authority to lead mass resistance among the millions." Anyone who has known Russia under Stalin is aware that his government would never dare to allow armed forces to operate in Russia outside the control of its police power.

The reappointment of political commissars to the Red Army and Navy came as ominous news to students of the Kremlin regime. It was tantamount to a public acknowledgment that Stalin is fighting a war on two fronts and regards the danger which threatens him from his own people as no less acute than the danger of military defeat. His first speech after the war indicated that he was relying upon old-fashioned Russian patriotism rather than popular enthusiasm for the communist regime to save his government. The domestic Soviet radio propaganda, as picked up by American listeners, shows a similar emphasis on old pre-Soviet values and a deliberate avoidance of the new communist slogans.

In reviving the ponderous system of political overseers in the armed forces — a system resented and detested by the officers — Stalin was again sacrificing military efficiency to his suspicions and fears, as he did in 1937 when he shot his generals and purged the officer corps. From his own viewpoint, Stalin may be entirely right. Perhaps the Russian soldiers and officers are also in a war on two fronts: against Nazi aggression and against tyranny at home. It was clearly his fear that — win, lose or draw — his own power would be destroyed which made Stalin seek to avoid war with Hitler at the cost of any concessions or humiliations. There is always the chance that Stalin may sacrifice his army and his country to save his own political hide.

Stalin, at this writing, has been throwing all he possesses into the battle. Perhaps it is in the hope of inducing Hitler to call off the war and allow the Soviet government to resume its role as Germany's "neutral" ally. But the Russian army officers might conceivably prevent such an arrangement; or they might themselves come to terms with the Nazis in order to throw off the yoke of Stalin. Other alternatives seem more probable, yet the chance of a second Stalin-Hitler deal remains and cannot be overlooked. Against his intentions he is now in effect allied with the democracies against Nazi tyranny.

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Yet he has not taken a single measure to relax his absolutist methods of rule. He has not freed any of his millions of political prisoners or recalled any of the teeming exiles. He has failed even to make an effort comparable with that made by the last Tsar to reconcile the disaffected. He remains the same Stalin who has weakened Russia over and over again by purges, suspicions, hatred and fear of anyone who might conceivably challenge his authority. We must therefore assume that the obverse is true: that the great mass of his subjects regard him as an enemy and await their chance to settle scores.

Should the unexpected occur and the Red Army withstand the German, we might have to conclude that only tyranny can defeat tyranny. So far we have only been shown that when a country with more manpower, vast territory, and as large a number of tanks and planes meets the Nazi war machine, the blitzkrieg has to go into second gear.

Should Germany, if victorious, take over the European provinces and set up puppet governments, a Russian state may survive in Asia. The huge army built up in Siberia, with its own bases of supply, might never be called into the European battles. Hence it may remain either as the nucleus for a new Russian government or as the shield of the Soviet regime in retreat from Europe. Though it is not impossible, it is decidedly unlikely that Stalin himself could retain the leadership of a Soviet Union in Asia. Probably no man alive today has so many enemies close at hand waiting to pounce on him. In a time of defeat, he would be in danger of assassination by his outraged people, unless he escaped — let us say to Mexico City.

In any event, it will not be surprising if James Burnham's prophecy in his *Managerial Revolution* is fulfilled, namely the split of Russia into European and Asiatic halves. With the European segment cemented into Hitler's system, while the Asiatic segment remains allied with the democracies, the split might well be permanent. Russia has ever been Asiatic in its soul. Not until the time of Peter the Great was a "window opened upon Europe" and Western influence has never been very large or deep. However, to Japan the prospect of a Russia expelled from Europe and devoting all its energies to Asia may be so frightening that it will plunge into war before Asiatic Russia has a chance to consolidate itself.

The alternatives are thus many

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and various, should the invasion succeed. No one really knows whether there exist in Russia today the moral forces and the leaders capable of setting up an alternative government to that of Stalin, either to win victory or after defeat. One thing seems to me certain: the Soviet state of the last quarter-century is finished. It will either be conquered, or split into several pieces, or reorganized on new non-communist lines. Lenin's vision of Russia as the capital of a socialist international is no more. Stalin converted the vision into a nightmare of socialism in one country and his regime is now at death grips with a mightier national socialism than his own.

GRAY PASTORAL

THE FIELDS are quiet and swathed in evening dusk
With shadows hiding beauty from the sight.
Upon the air, the consecrated musk
Of woodsmoke mingles with the silent night.
The damp fog fingers curl in soft mist rings
That circle trees and grasses as they rise
From earth to sky, until the vapor clings,
And growing thicker, hides where color lies.
The wind, once sullen, now is low and still;
Thin clouds are drifting through the cobalt sky;
And floating high above the dew-drenched hill
The intermittent stars are slipping by.

The weary heart can rest and not pretend;
Tomorrow's threat is stilled; today's, at end.

ELIZABETH LOU SELLERS

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THE FOLKLORE OF HOLLYWOOD

By Ferdinand Lundberg

After a season of nerve-shattering movie-going I am able to render a report to the nation on certain curious aspects of our film makers' Weltanschauung. *The cinema maestri are so successful in snaring a scandalous share of the national income they doubtless interpret "the American dream" more or less accurately for our automobiling proletariat. On the celluloid level that dream emerges as a singularly fascinating mélange of folklore, wishful thinking, pseudo-serious claptrap and warped sentimentality. The Hollywood synthesis is doubtless triple distilled, mixed with gobs of boiler-house gin, and with all impurities of rationalism and realism removed. But even so one must pray that large parts of the true American outlook have escaped the Beverly Hills pundits. To think otherwise would be to relinquish hope for a sentimental nation's future in a most unsentimental epoch.*

At any rate, here are gleanings from my collections of gems of thought from the Hollywood boobtrap:

If the common man had more to say about government this would be a better world to live in.

Most of the trouble in the world results because people don't understand each other. If only they understood they would see they were all brothers under the skin bound by a common destiny, and peace and good will would prevail.

There is really not much difference between ordinary persons and very important people, unless the latter are geniuses. Geniuses have nothing in common with the run of mankind and are apt to do anything at all. The greatest genius who ever lived was Edison.

Clergymen have an insight into the secrets of the universe that is far superior to that of any scientist, physician or philosopher. Intuition is always better than reason, which is why men in general are so inferior in understanding to women.

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Lincoln was a great man because he was so ordinary and so like the average plain man; in short, because he was so mediocre. No man can be truly great as a human being unless his understanding is on a level with that of any bank-clerk, soda-jerker or dirt-farmer.

People who live in small towns are happier and know more about the things that count than people who live in big cities, but people who live in big cities are really small-towners at heart once you get to know them.

Love is all that really matters and all that ever really interested Napoleon, Henry VIII, Caesar, Washington, Clive, Nelson, Cleopatra, Louis XIV, Andrew Jackson, Disraeli and other photogenic historical personages.

It is always the thought of some woman that sustains men engaged in large affairs, from the direction of a great battle to the rule of a nation.

Women are usually much cleverer than men but they successfully hide this fact in order to permit men to believe it is they who have the brains. Women, therefore, always take the initiative in bringing about proposals of marriage but men are too fatuous ever to understand this.

Men always conceive a new respect for a woman on being slapped in the face. They invariably prefer women who know how to make good apple pie and doughnuts.

No truly American man will marry a wealthy woman, even if he is very much in love with her and she with him. Before they can get married she must give away or lose her fortune so that he can go to work and show the stuff he is made of. There is no greater handicap than being born wealthy unless it is marrying a wealthy woman. Most wealthy people are really very unhappy and cannot know true joy until they have to borrow carfare from the servants.

Men are exposed as the feeble-minded beings they really are as soon as their wives leave home for a visit to some distant city. The abandoned men cannot even find their pipes and tobacco, do not know that such things as restaurants exist and consequently allow soiled dishes to pile up in the kitchen. They even make a botch of winding the living room clock.

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Spinsters, fallen women and nuns are what they are because they have all at one time been grievously disappointed in love. Clergymen, on the other hand, have always been above the promptings of physical passion, consecrated to an idea that passeth all ordinary understanding.

It is always a thundering surprise to a married couple to discover that a baby is on its way. Nothing makes them happier, especially if they are poor and the husband is out of a job, because now they know they will have something to work for.

All men, but especially poor men, yearn to become fathers, which is the real reason they got married. When the happy time comes, they hang around maternity hospitals like nervous half-wits. None of them ever has the least inkling what the whole thing is all about and all are very shocked at the matter-of-fact attitudes of nurses and doctors.

Career women don't really believe what they say. All they want is to get married and have babies.

Women, so understanding with men, so tender with children, when they get on a jury will never acquit a woman, no matter how convincing the evidence in her favor, especially if she is pretty. But all-male juries will acquit any pretty woman accused of an atrocious crime provided her lawyer has her expose her legs generously.

Brilliant young scientists, the toast of their elders, are invariably completely unnerved when they meet a nubile young woman, especially if she talks baby-talk and looks like Ginger Rogers.

Successful actresses are ordinarily very contemptuous of successful theatrical producers, playwrights and critics, and treat them like dogs. School teachers all love little children, and love the naughty ones most of all.

Many Bowery derelicts are brilliant Harvard graduates who lost their grip and took to drink when disappointed in love.

Detectives always work in teams of two, one member of which is invariably very clever while his partner could not pass an elementary intelligence test. This is true even of the FBI. In a battle of wits between the FBI on the

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one hand and the GPU or Gestapo on the other the foreign police always come out as dummies. But it takes an ordinary American newspaper reporter to make monkeys out of the GPU on its home grounds.

Most newspaper men are congenital dipsomaniacs, especially if they are very clever. They are invariably fearless, cynical, and know a good deal of "inside stuff" that is never published, and they never miss an opportunity to be rude toward lusciously beautiful women. Newspaper publishers, on the other hand, are all very eccentric and don't really know their business but they can learn a lot from new girl reporters and from office boys.

American judges are kindly philosophers under a stern or eccentric exterior; they are invariably wiser than the ordinary run of mankind, except clergymen. While this is doubly true of English judges, French judges are an exception, for they are completely unsympathetic toward everybody except a beautiful woman.

Baseball players are all amiable simpletons and typify the average American man. Bartenders are likeable fellows who feel sorry for drunks and want to help them with good advice. Actors would all rather die than miss a single performance for any reason, including serious illness, because the show must go on.

Theatrical impresarios, musicians, restaurateurs, head waiters, hairdressers and scientists are mostly foreigners, and speak with a decided accent. They are all highly excitable and quick to become incoherent.

There is nothing more lovable than an excitable Irishman, Jew, Italian or Greek, but an excitable Frenchman is an unpredictable quantity and must be closely watched. Englishmen are all decidedly taciturn. Germans are stolid. There is something sinister about all Orientals, especially Oriental women.

Policemen are mostly likeable Irishmen with beautiful daughters who can sing — except in murder mysteries when the men in uniform all disclose themselves as stupid flatfoots.

All East Side boys who play the violin are destined to become greater than Jascha Heifetz. Psychiatrists are for the most part

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mildly daffy themselves. Aviators hesitate to marry for fear of bringing tragedy into some woman's life. College professors are never able to flunk pretty girls but they take great joy in flunking star football players.

Elderly wealthy men who have been put on diets by their physicians are all being deceived. What they need to attain complete health is a hearty meal of corned beef and cabbage, cooked by a motherly woman who refuses to regard the man as anything but a grown-up, thwarted child.

Immigrants came to the United States because they loved freedom more than life itself and were anxious to create a society devoted to the brotherhood of man. This was doubly true of the pioneer settlers, whose main concern was in seeing that every man got free choice in selecting his own method of worship.

Good will toward all men was the underlying motive of all the Europeans who peopled this continent, which is why Indians and Negroes have all been so happy.

We are moving ahead, under the watchful eye of Destiny, toward a better world. All we need is Faith.

TO A POET-SOLDIER

You who are gone to be one numbered part
within a cylinder that asks the heart
to beat one rhythm, timed and uniform,
we miss you, you who loved the wind and storm.
We miss you. There is no one now to turn to
to share the meaning of the morning sky.
Our walks are lonely. We shall have to learn to
interpret for ourselves the cricket's cry;
and hope that we may stand together yet
to hear the tonk of cowbells in the wet
of evening, and when the morning shines
to hear the dove notes throbbing in the pines.

LOUIS STODDARD

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▶ *Uncle Sam doesn't know it yet, but he's Emperor of the Pacific.*

AMERICA TAKES OVER THE PACIFIC

By Upton Close

WHAT is coming out of this war — in every way save one — is beyond the eye of man to see. But one thing that is coming fast and inexorably is quite obvious, if you will look now. And it is immense. We Americans — though anti-imperialist in temper and intention as we block the empire-building of Hitler and Hirohito — are having an empire dumped in our laps. It is an empire larger, richer in potentialities, than all the realm bounded in *Mein Kampf*. The Empire of the Pacific.

We were not asking for it. For the most part we are not yet aware of it. We were never less interested in expansion and manifest destiny than when this business started. We were, in fact, trying to give back to the natives the coconuts we had shaken down last time we followed our star into Pacific paradises. Yet here we are, listening to the pleas of the contrite Dr. Moncado to keep his Philippines forever. We are going thousands of miles beyond the Philippines into yet richer fields, making ourselves responsible for the *status quo* of the Dutch East Indies, the defense of Malaya and the maintenance of the Burmese Open Door into China. We are on the verge of receiving a Minister from Far India, with the blessings of Viscount Halifax. Shades of Clive, Hastings, Cornwallis, and Reading!

The richest man in Asia (or so near it that it's not worth the quibbling), Sir Victor Sassoon, took clipper plane from the Golden Gate recently en route to Shanghai. Sir Victor is the representative of a practical family that moved from opium to real estate just ahead of the opium conventions, and from Bombay to Shanghai just ahead of Indian Home Rule. In California, he visited the Maharajah of Indore, who lives with his American wife and crown jewels in a Beverly Hills villa. He gave only one interview, and he said: "By whatever name you call it, you Americans are in overseas empire for keeps. For it's either Japan or the United States over the Asian countries."

Sir Victor ought to know, if the

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rumors are correct: they say that he has at one time or another backed both horses. He added something that may account for his giving no further interviews: "The United States," he said, "should assume the direction of the empire, and take the United Kingdom in as additional states in the Union." This is the Pacific Asian version of Union Now, as given by its biggest real-estate man and owner of business blocks. Whether or not it is ingratitude, coming from a British colonial, it certainly is free speech!

Sir Victor's views are an indication of what is being talked in the penthouses and bank directors' rooms in Hong Kong and Shanghai. It does not attest a wish to be rid of Britain, under whose protection private fortunes flourished like the banyan trees. It expresses, rather, the ancient and ever-practical dynastic sentiment: "The king is dead — long live the king!" Residents of the Pacific islands and the China coast, who until a year ago were supercilious about all things Yankee, have made the adjustment. They are already mentally practicing at bending the knee to Uncle Sam, Imperator of the Pacific.

The great event must not be oversimplified. Its significance is in the inevitability of the process. It is real life rather than *Realpolitik*. America is not taking over the British and Dutch empires as such, nor are we engaged in a positive and purposeful empire-building effort. But we are doing something equally historical. While pretty certain that Japan's New Order is not being built, we have failed to note the extent to which our own order is being established. We are saving the Pacific Basin from the cruder sort of empire-building by others, and in doing it are setting up an American Protectorate. Americans are still largely unconscious of this, but the Japanese are not — they have worried about it to the point of obsession.

There were epochs when Rome took possession of the Mediterranean, when Portugal, Spain, Holland, Britain in turn assumed mastery of great oceans. But the United States has moved faster than any of these in their days of destiny. Two years ago we had not even completed the charting of the Aleutian Island waters and they were still being patroled by Japanese deep-sea fishing boats which were auxiliaries of the Imperial Japanese Navy. Today, that Aleutian chain is the site of the world's most secret naval construction operations, including underground airdromes. From that segment of

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the great circle we dominate the North Pacific. A few years ago an appropriation for harbor construction at Guam was stricken from the budget by Congress. Now we announce the imminent completion of a chain of such installations: Midway, Wake, Guam, Johnston and Palmyra, with the hint of yet other island fortresses being built. These are Gibraltars of the air age, police boxes on the longest ocean beat, that will not be abandoned because they cannot be abandoned.

Our expansion is not theoretical and not temporary. We are building permanent works from Bering Strait to the South Seas. We are lending money — in the old days it would have been called subsidizing — imperial dependencies. The communications of modern empire are air-borne, even as those of passing empire were essentially sea-borne, and it is worthy of note that ocean transport by air was established first by America on the Pacific, though it is the wider ocean. It is no less worthy of note that our country, under the relentless pressures of the war, is building an aviation industry second to none and greater than Britain's shipbuilding industry. Air Power is sure to be the instrument of empire tomorrow, as Sea Power was the instrument of empire yesterday. The emerging American Pacific Empire even has its inspirational voice. General Electric's 50,000-watt KGEI sends its short-wave beam to millions on the islands and the shores of the Pacific Basin. Most of them hear it gladly, thousands respond gratefully. For America's is the only voice of authority and assurance in this great area where men's hearts crave order, not a New Order.

II

This Pacific area is prophetically marked out as the seat of history's greatest, and perhaps last, empire. "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," wrote Berkeley. Others — Tennyson, Shelley — said it in other words. Whether or not the Pacific Era shall close history's day, as Berkeley has it, we can at least accept the prediction of its greatness.

Europe is being turned into a charred ruin. Starvation, terror and despair must surely deplete the vitality of its surviving population. It would seem that Europe is going the way of once thickly-populated Mesopotamia, the way of much of the Mediterranean Basin. Greatness shall hardly spring from cinders and insanity. But it can spring from the unharmed resources

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of the Pacific Basin and its still vital populations. It can spring from North and Central and South America, from the great, thinly-populated, wealth-packed islands, and from the hard-working, thrifty people of East Asia. Even China has suffered, proportionately, to no such degree as Spain, or France, or Great Britain, or Poland, or European Russia.

Such is the looming Pacific Era, provided authority is established in the vast area. Japan's bid to furnish that authority has failed. Almost automatically, in response to forces too huge to be compassed by political arguments or open forums, that authority is being provided by the United States of America, and will soon be backed by the greatest combination of sea and air power of all time. This is probably the most important constructive event of current history. It is one — probably the only one — of which we can be fairly sure in a confusion of events. We can be fairly sure of it because there is no one big enough to challenge our authority within the Pacific Basin, or in striking distance of it. This has long been true, but it has not long been true that we were taking the attitude of authority. Now both things are true.

It does not follow that Britain is through in the Pacific, although British colonial relations in the region are going to be vastly changed. But it is inescapably clear that British imperial policy and defense would be very different without American support. American power is now the bulwark of their resistance, and as a result American authority must become the recognized supreme factor throughout the Pacific Basin, just as British authority was the recognized supreme factor in China in the pre-war days when Americans relied upon British gunboats to maintain the established order.

And so we have established an American imperium of the Pacific. (Or will establish it in the process of knocking out anyone who has the temerity to challenge us there, which seems unlikely.) The question then remains: What kind of an empire will this be? That is the essence of the matter. Authority we must and will assume. Unless nations that are put by geography and size in key positions exercise the responsibility of their positions, mere chaos results. Order is never established save through authority, whether in the animal herd, in business, or among nations. The nearest approaches to liberty and justice come not when everyone is on his own as an equal, but when

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authority is most widely accepted and most humane. The nearest approaches to world peace were the Pax Romana and the Pax Britannia. Now we are on the eve of a Pax Americana in the Pacific Basin. Authority we *will* assume because it is in our nature and the nature of the case. Which is another way of saying that we are big enough, and now interested enough, to do it.

We have established a protectorate over the Pacific Basin: over Australia and New Zealand and Malaya and the Dutch East Indies and Tahiti and probably China. It will be extended over Japan after Japan has got into real trouble and needs us; maybe even over Pacific Siberia, although I doubt that. We have proclaimed it over South America, extended it to Iceland.

Protectorate is the first step of empire. We, rather than Germany or Japan or Russia or England, seem likely to emerge from this war with the makings of empire.

Can we invent a new kind of empire? Can we combine an authoritative Protectorate of the Pacific with a democratic Confederacy of the Pacific? Some would ask, of the world? But let us start with the Pacific. It's in our lap; and it's a lapful.

"Looking for anyone, buddy?"

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THE STERILITY OF MODERN MUSIC

By Winthrop Sargeant

For thirty years a curious thing has been happening to the art of music. Audiences far larger than any hitherto dreamed of have been reached through the phonograph and radio. Symphony orchestras, at least in America, have multiplied like mushrooms after a spring rain. Today the average listener probably absorbs more great symphonic and operatic music in a single week than most of Beethoven's contemporaries heard in a whole season. But the music he hears is the music of a past era. Practically all of the symphonies and operas that are the staples of his musical diet were written before the first World War. As far as he and the performers who play for him are concerned, the contemporary composer has almost ceased to exist.

Yet the contemporary composer not only exists, but is writing large quantities of music. He is pathetically anxious to get his works played. Occasionally one of his symphonies or overtures is sandwiched, more or less apologetically, into the program of a major orchestra, played once out of a sense of duty, and promptly forgotten. To the composer this neglect seems unfair. He points out, rightly, that there must be something wrong with a musical culture that ignores its own composers. He even argues, somewhat more dubiously, that the musical public should consider it a duty to listen to contemporary music whether it likes it or not. The public's dislike he blames on apathy; or he cites the often quoted, but by no means universally proven, theory that important music is difficult to understand and requires much uncomfortable study and many repeated hearings before it is liked.

Yet it is becoming more and more apparent that a great deal of music written as early as 1911, though already a generation old, has failed to obtain any permanent hold on musical audiences. There is today no such spontaneous hunger for the works of contemporary composers as existed in nineteenth-century Europe, or as exists today

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in the humbler, but healthy, field of popular music. *Contemporary music* has become a thing apart from what the big symphonic and operatic public thinks of as *music* — a thing to be listened to with polite fortitude when it makes its infrequent appearances, something that esthetes and professors discuss, that composers argue about academically, that foundations support with fellowships and that small *avant garde* societies are always being formed to propagate. The mere mention of contemporary music is enough to freeze the average listener with apprehension, to make him prepare stolidly to face the worst, to warn him of what will probably be a mild martyrdom to the principles of fair play and tolerance. This wide schism between the composer and the world of people who listen to music for pleasure is probably unprecedented in musical history. But it has characterized our schizophrenic musical culture for so long that it has almost become a tradition.

The era of musical schizophrenia seems to coincide roughly with the vogue of the curious phenomenon known as "modern music." Modern music, as it is somewhat too broadly termed, does not include jazz, or popular song writing, or the symphonies of such widely appreciated contemporary composers as Sibelius and Rachmaninoff. It is something roughly analogous to what is known, popularly, as "modern art" — a school of artistic thought that has dominated the revolutionary, or "progressive" composers of Europe and America and left its mark on practically all of the most widely discussed music of recent years. But unlike modern art, which has made itself an acknowledged place in the world of painting and sculpture, modern music seems still to be an outsider. To the listening public, despite a generation of fervent support by various societies, leagues and guilds, it remains on the whole a thirty-year-old flop.

Cut off thus from the public, modern music has long occupied a little world of its own, an international world of valiant propaganda societies, overpopulated with pallid, abstemious-looking composers, talkative musicologists, weighty-worded professors, esthetes, writers, painters and intellectuals. The language of this world is an impenetrably learned jargon full of terms like "form," "atonality," "polytonality," and the "twelve tone system." Very little of the music it produces is pleasant to listen to. But its inhabitants

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have an unshakable faith that important music usually sounds unpleasant on first hearing, and that, ergo, music that sounds unpleasant is likely to be important. They meet regularly, put on festivals of works by contemporary composers of all descriptions, attract attention from the press and from fellow intellectuals. They deplore the conservatism of public taste, lampoon the academicians, issue manifestos, show every outward sign of taking part in a vital revolutionary movement. And since modern music coincides roughly with similar movements in other fields of art and politics, there has been reason to believe that it reflects some profound historical necessity.

II

The musical revolution broke just before the first World War, and was vaguely related to current trends in revolutionary thought and art. It ended, as far as continental Europe is concerned, with the fall of France. For, by the edicts of Hitler's, Stalin's and Mussolini's cultural authorities, modern music has been proclaimed foreign to totalitarian culture.

Modern music's early days were attended by a great deal of excitement. To the largely unmusical bohemia of writers, painters and Marxist intellectuals found in most big cities, it looked as though composers were fighting for something analogous to freedom of speech. When Stravinsky's boisterous *Sacre du Printemps* burst upon Paris during the 1913 season of the Diaghileff Ballet, the audience was so anxious to demonstrate its approval or disapproval of the principle of the thing that hardly anybody got a chance to listen to the music itself. The *Sacre*, dubbed "music's Declaration of Independence," probably caused more talk among people who were not particularly interested in music than Bach's whole output had ever caused among people who were. Its symbolic value far transcended its rather meagre and cacophonous quality as music. It represented, to Parisians, the first complete break with the Romantic musical language of the past.

The revolution that the *Sacre* so energetically proclaimed was widespread. It ended by affecting nearly every progressive-minded composer in Europe and America. But practically all of its ideas were generated in two European centers: bohemian Paris and Freudian Vienna. Superficially its manifestations in these two cities appeared to be very different. In Paris,

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where Stravinsky and the dilettantish musical humorist Eric Satie were its leaders, music followed the lead of painting. This trend had already been started by the great French Impressionist composer Debussy, whose curious art of subtle musical sensations had been deeply affected by the misty canvasses of the Impressionist painters of the previous generation. With Stravinsky, music in Paris began a game of follow-the-leader with all the kaleidoscopic isms of the left-bank painters. It became something music had never been before — a highly individualistic art entirely divorced from the great traditional, and co-operatively evolved, musical language that had been common currency during the previous two hundred years. The *Sacre* itself was the musical reflection of the cult of the primitive, which had become fashionable six years earlier when Picasso's sudden interest in African Negro art led to the beginnings of cubism. Actually, the elaborately orchestrated *Sacre* had very little in common with primitive music, and it is eminently appropriate that it should have ended up as an accompaniment to booming volcanos and trudging dinosaurs in Walt Disney's *Fantasia*. But the original Diaghileff ballet depicted a primitive tribal ritual, and Stravinsky's score, though not really primitive, was as artfully uncivilized as all the ingenuity of a master orchestrator could make it.

When Picasso subsequently went back to the Greek classics for inspiration, the musical salons of Paris developed a "back to Bach" movement. About five years after the dadaist Picabia solemnly glued a toy monkey to a picture frame and exhibited it as a "Portrait of Cezanne," the American expatriate composer George Antheil solemnly introduced an airplane motor into the orchestration of his *Ballet Mécanique*. Five years after Picasso had announced a newfound devotion to the smooth, classical technique of Ingres, Stravinsky in his *Apollon Musagètes* had taken to imitating the dignified, classical phraseology of Handel. In their search for musical counterparts to modern painting, the Paris composers ransacked and warmed over every archaic and exotic musical idiom from Gregorian chant to American jazz, tried every noise-producing contraption from typewriters to sirens. Musical styles changed like those of millinery. The results, which furnished unending conversation on the Paris boulevards, conspicuously lacked any sense of direction.

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But solemn souls saw them as the products of a gigantic laboratory of scientific experiment, out of which would someday emerge a new music, vitally reflecting the emotions of present-day society.

In Vienna, modern music was more purely musical, less humorous, and a great deal more systematic. Vienna's musical *Führer* was the sober-minded, methodical Arnold Schönberg, and his *Kampf* was carried on with a tenacity seldom found outside Teutonic countries. Schönberg, who had started out as a minor but able follower of Wagner, worked his way from the *Twilight of the Gods* into an impenetrable darkness of emotionless cacophony that obliterated every familiar landmark hitherto known to music. At about the same time that Stravinsky started shocking the Parisian conservatives, Schönberg's murky style had solidified in what modern musicians know as "atonality" or the "twelve tone system." It is next to impossible to describe, in a non-technical article, what atonality is. The average listener recognizes it well enough as a sort of absolute zero on the meter of tunefulness. In its complete manifestation it presents a carefully contrived succession of dissonances, so skillfully combined that not even accidentally does one of them sound pleasant. Stripped of the high-sounding technical terminology in which Schönberg devotees clothed it, atonality is a complete and methodical negation of the logic of traditional musical structure, and the substitution therefor of an arbitrary scheme of Schönberg's own. It is somewhat analogous to what would happen in writing if meaningful words were thrown overboard and writers began building new sequences of letters arbitrarily taken from anywhere in the alphabet, observing meanwhile some self-imposed scheme, such as avoiding the same letter twice in succession, or avoiding every sixth or ninth letter. Atonality far surpasses in music anything Gertrude Stein of the Paris Transitionists ever did to the English language. It represents an absolute avoidance of everything previously regarded as musical meaning.

Though conservative Vienna audiences rioted when Schönberg's music was played, he gathered a host of disciples and ended by influencing nearly every prominent younger composer of Central Europe, among them the well-known German modernist, Paul Hindemith. Schönberg's devoted disciple, the late Alban Berg, may yet go

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down in musical history as one of the very few modernists who actually succeeded in conveying human emotions through his music. But Berg's emotions, expressed in his operas *Wozzeck* and the unfinished *Lulu*, ranged mainly from horror to despair. Another Schönberg offshoot, Ernst Toch, is at present in Hollywood, specializing in music for horror and other films.

The products of the Viennese modernists thus differed considerably from those of the Parisians. While the Parisians wrote colorful ballets, set restaurant menus to music, and satirized the classics, there was no doubt about the deadly earnestness of the Viennese. But despite the conflict of isms and styles that characterized the field of European modern music, practically all its composers, critics, theorists and boosters were agreed on one point: their opposition to Romanticism. And by Romanticism musicians mean that whole complex of poetic, religious, legendary, erotic emotion to express which the great nineteenth-century musical language had been evolved. Denying the affectionate, emotional quality of music entirely, most of the modernists had come to consider composing either as an abstract mathematical problem, or as the act of arranging sensually provocative sounds in a more or less interesting manner. This attitude was expressed as well as anywhere by Stravinsky in his dictum: "I consider music in its essence incapable of expressing anything. If it seems to express anything it is an illusion." Like most of Stravinsky's ideas, this one was borrowed from the esthetics of the modern painters.

III

There were, no doubt, profound reasons for this sudden emotional paralysis that was sweeping over European music. To the intellectuals of the generation that launched the first World War, all the ideas associated with Romanticism were deeply suspect. Science was going to save the world. Materialism was the fashionable philosophy. Concepts like God, love, heroism, about which the older composers had sung quite unabashedly, had suddenly taken on a hollow, rhetorical ring. Nostalgia, the emotion that music, of all the arts, conveyed most potently, was out of style. The whole realm of the supernatural — of dreams, myths and symbols — had been junked by the leaders of contemporary thought, or had passed, ticketed as so many abnormal hallucinations, into the

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laboratory cupboards of the psychoanalysts. People in big cities, where art music is always made, had ceased to believe in fairy tales, and it seemed incumbent on music to find something else to sing about. Finding nothing, music ceased to sing.

In the 1930's the modern music movement showed signs of losing its impetus. People who had attended its concerts in the hope of discovering a new Beethoven began to get discouraged. Organizations like New York's League of Composers slackened their activities. The programs of most of the big symphony orchestras showed a trend toward conservatism. American modernists like Roy Harris began expressing doubts as to the future of atonality. Other American modernists, like Aaron Copland, began getting interested in folk-tunes again. Old conservatives like Sergei Rachmaninoff and Nicholas Miaskovsky, who had ridden out the modernist storm without batting an eye, found the musical public about as responsive as ever to their conventional symphonies and concertos. Another old conservative Romantic, Jan Sibelius, was enjoying the biggest popular boom any symphonist has had since Brahms and Tchaikovsky. The one-time *enfant terrible* Stravinsky had, in his own peculiar way, gone more and more reactionary. Old Bolshevik Schönberg never retreated, but the popularity of the atonal style dwindled, and he eventually moved to California where today, at sixty-seven, he has almost ceased composing.

When the dictators began objecting to modern music, which their art pundits described paradoxically as "leftist," "degenerate," "cerebral," "individualistic" and "petty bourgeois," Parisо-Viennese modernism was already well on the decline. Mussolini's conservative composers frowned their few brother Italian modernists down with a manifesto in 1932. Two years later Hitler's propaganda minister officially denounced atonality. In 1936 the Communist musical party line changed suddenly, as if struck by a premonition of the Russo-German pact. Dmitri Shostakovitch, most famous of Russia's younger modernists, was suddenly spanked into more or less abject tunefulness, and the older, prodigiously adept Serge Prokofieff began to consider composing in a more popular vein. With the fall of Paris what little important musical modernism remained there presumably died or scattered. The two most famous remaining Parisian modernists, Arthur Honegger

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and Darius Milhaud, left the country, one for his native Switzerland, the other for America. Last spring the world's biggest and most valiant organization for the propagation of modern music, the International Society for Contemporary Music, held its annual festival in New York, exiled this time from all Europe except bomb-torn England. But the ISCM's case was feeble. Of the thirty-odd compositions it presented, only two or three were interesting enough to claim, even momentarily, the attention of a serious concert audience.

It cannot be said that the dictators have shown signs of replacing modern music with anything more substantial. The recent, officially approved works of Prokofieff and Shostakovitch that have been heard on this side of the Atlantic, though they are probably as vital as anything composed in recent years, have indicated no renaissance. And all reports seem to agree that music in Nazi Germany has become largely a matter of repeating the familiar classics.

Perhaps this period of wartime crisis offers as appropriate a point as any from which to look back and appraise the course that music has recently taken. The year 1911 looms as a conspicuous landmark. It spreads like a great dam across the stream of musical fecundity, leaving only a dribbling overflow to the future. It was in 1911 that the last of the great line of Central European symphonists, Gustav Mahler, died. It was in 1911 that the last universally-loved masterpiece of the monumental style, Richard Strauss' opera *Rosenkavalier*, was written. Strauss, though still living, has not since produced anything that has held a permanent place in the repertoire. Italy's virile, popular operatic tradition seems to have died with Puccini, whose last really successful opera, *Madame Butterfly*, dates from 1904. By 1911 the best of Debussy's work had already been done. In 1911 Arnold Schönberg finished the last of his works in the post-Wagnerian Romantic idiom (*Gurre-Lieder*) and plunged into the pure mathematics of atonality. In 1911 Igor Stravinsky produced the last of his popularly tuneful ballets, *Petrouchka*, and began his restless, eclectic preoccupation with the changing styles of the Paris millinery shop. The only first-rank musical figure who seems to have passed over the dam unscathed is Jan Sibelius. But Sibelius' two most popular, and I think best, symphonies (the First and Second) date from the turn of the century.

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There has, of course, been a great deal of interesting, provocative and colorful music written in the years since. Modern music's few really arresting figures, among them the Russians Prokofieff and Shostakovitch, the Spaniard de Falla, the Englishman William Walton, the Brazilian Villa-Lobos, the Austrian Alban Berg, have created a whole anthology of witty, technically ingenious or nervously melodramatic scores. But modern music's tussles with profundity seem to have left it punch drunk. Impartially considered, all evidence today points to the conclusion that since about 1911 the art of composition has become a minor one. There is nothing, even in the best music of the past thirty years, to indicate a revival of the tremendous, affirmative fecundity that characterized European music during the 18th and 19th centuries. The contemporary composer has, paradoxically, almost ceased to be a vital part of our musical life.

How can music's schizophrenia be cured? That is not for a critic to say. Perhaps it is the result of a deep moral or spiritual condition of present-day society, and hence, by itself, incurable. But one obvious remedy suggests itself. What the modern composer lacks above all things is tradition. The idea that tradition is bad for art springs, like most of modern music's unproductive notions, from the painters. Music, quite unlike painting, has never flourished without tradition. Tradition is, like language, a socially-evolved means of communication. It is the "rules of the game" that enable the auditor to understand and enjoy what the composer is doing.

That contemporary composers have long suspected this, has been evident in modern music's continued erratic attempts to graft itself onto other traditions than the one it revolted against — jazz, folk-music, oriental idioms, Eighteenth-Century archaisms, and so on. If composers could be persuaded to go back to where they left off in 1911, and talk a language their auditors can understand, a serious crisis for music might be averted.

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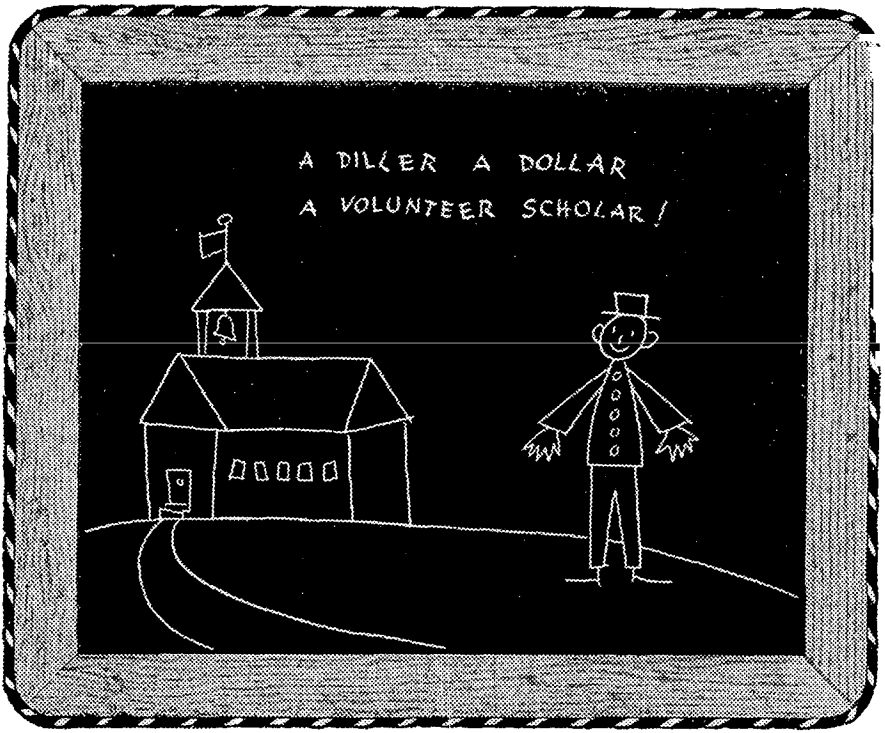

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COME SPRING

A Story

By Carl Bottume

When the doctor told Henrietta that her husband was going to die, she whooshed him out of the house flapping her apron as though she were shooing a chicken and then gathered up her skirts and took the stairs two at a time. She threw open the door to Obadiah's bedroom and lit into him.

"Obadiah," she said, "you measly, worthless man, here we've come to the time we can enjoy life, and now you've got the gall to pass away on me. You get right up out of that bed and come downstairs to your dinner!"

Obadiah was thin and scrawny and he lay plopped in the middle of the feather bed like a newborn robin. His eyes were closed, but he opened one and then closed it quickly. He was really sick.

"Obadiah," Henrietta wailed, "you talk back to me. Don't you lie there and take none of my foolishness. Rise up there, and you sass back at me!"

He lay quite still. There was hardly an ounce of spite left in him. "I'm sick, Henrietta," he whined. "Don't you plague me no more. Go on downstairs and read your Bible and leave me here to die."

She left him then, but it was not because of what he said. She was frightened by the look of him and she went downstairs and disappeared into the kitchen closet. There was a whacking around of pans and preserve jars and soon she came out with her mother's old copper bed warmer. With her coal-shovel she dug some live coals from the kitchen range and put them into it. Then she lit off up the stairs again. When she came into the room the second time and began fussing with the bedclothes, Obadiah squirmed.

"You leave those covers be," he cried in a voice so loud it gave her a start. "You leave them be down there. My feet are near to freezing in this drat Maine winter."

"Hold your horses while I put this warming pan in the bed or

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you'll catch your death of cold."

Obadiah winced. "It won't take much to carry me off now. Most any old thing. Slight earthquake might even tip the scales."

"Don't talk that way. You hold still and be quiet and get some good from this warming pan while I get a little more heat up here from the kitchen." There was a hot-air register cut in the floor, and she scuffed the catch with her foot until she could see down into the kitchen. The register was right over the stove and a little heat came up once in a while.

She drew her rocking chair up and placed it over the register. As she rocked, the fumes from the kitchen seemed to curl up around her. "Do you smell that food?" she said. "We're having some of that mackerel you caught for me and I canned. Turned out right good. Do you mean to tell me you don't want no mackerel for your dinner?"

"Food doesn't interest me," he said. "It's my soul. I never wanted to go to the Universalist Church, and now I wish I'd stuck to the Baptist."

"This is a fine time to be thinking of such things," she said. "If you'd get well now, you could go back to the Baptists and make up with them; then when you came to die about twenty years from now, when it's right and fittin' that you should, you could die peaceful. You're much too young a man to be mooning about such things."

He groaned and shook his head. "It's a small matter," he said, and he lay there pale as a ghost. He gave her a start the way he looked, and she was about to go over and see if he had died already when he leapt a full foot in the air and bellowed like a calf. "I'm afire!" he screamed, and sure enough there was smoke coming from the bedclothes. "Take it away," he yelled as she dived under the covers and yanked out the warming pan.

The bottom sheet was scorched and she pulled it out from under him. But there was no actual fire. Obadiah lay there panting from his fright and Henrietta was shaken. With the scorched sheet in a bundle in her arms she tucked the clothes around him again. She noticed his eyes were as bright as fire. When he caught his breath he said, "Did you have to take the sheet away? Couldn't you leave a man alone so he can die in peace? I don't need no clean sheet now. I'll be dead by tonight."

"If you think I'm going to permanently ruin a good sheet on account of you, you're crazy. If I can get this right into a pan of

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warm milk the scorch will come out." And noticing that he was comfortable again she whisked off downstairs. In the kitchen she told her sister Millie, "He's not going to die right off. There's too much fight in the old devil yet. But he did give me a turn."

He gave the whole community a turn. Here it was in the dead of winter and in the Maine back country that's no fooling matter. It was glum enough with snow all over everything and the crops bad the year before and the fishing worse, and to have one of the leading citizens die would be just too much. Nobody knows just why he had taken it upon himself to be so ornery and die this time of year and they made no bones about saying so to his face. Everybody came to see him and one day when three or four of his cronies were sitting around the bed Walt Phillips put it to him.

"Obe," Walt said, "just what's got into you? You got a great mind for stubbornness; why don't you use some of it? What are you doing just giving in like this and lying there squawking like an old crow? Now I put it to you."

But Obadiah just lay there smothered up by that feather bed. "It's no use," he bleated. "I'm a-goin' to die. I ain't a-goin' to get out of this bed for you nor anybody else. I'm dyin'."

"I ain't askin' you to get out of that bed. I only want you to take a drink from this here bottle."

Dragging a bottle out of his hip pocket, Walt went on: "You tip this bottle back and take a good swig, a good healthy one. Now you do this just for me."

Obadiah lay there but opened his mouth when the bottle came close. He took a great big swig and his Adam's apple near poked through his skin, it bobbed so fast. When he stopped, there was a noise of an intake of breath and everybody leaned close. Then suddenly he sat bolt upright in bed. "By Jesus, Walt," he said looking around, "if Warren G. Harding could have had some of that he'd be with us today!" Then he fell back in the bed.

II

But it was only a temporary recovery. The weather outside got worse, if that was possible. It was about thirty below, and the heat that came up the register into Obadiah's room didn't have much chance against all that cold. He lay there smothered in comforters and with the feather bed oozing up around him, and when the ice on Miller's

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Pond snapped with the cold, the whip-like sound carried right through the house and he heard it there in the bed and cringed. He had always hated cold weather, and to die when Maine weather was at its worst griped him. "It's spiteful," he kept saying. "There's a spite against me."

When the doctor came next day and Henrietta brought him upstairs, Obadiah got madder than ever.

"Henrietta," he said, "are you paying this quack money for telling you I'm going to die? I know that. I'll tell you for nothing."

But Henrietta didn't know what to do. You just can't leave your husband to die without medical assistance. She could imagine what the neighbors would say. It was after the doctor had left, when she and Walt were poking around the register trying to get a little more heat into the room, that they hit upon the idea by accident. Obadiah had been calling for the coffin plates all day long, and it was getting on her nerves.

After blowing out the register with the bellows she looked up and said: "Will you be quiet! I ain't a-going to bring up those coffin plates from the parlor. They been there a long time and it ain't fittin' that they should be moved."

"I know," he said, sort of wistful, "but I like the looks of them. All shiny and nice."

"They ain't shiny, neither. The copper's all corroded and green."

"It is!" he said, shocked. "Well, you bring them right up here and let me polish them a bit."

"Look here, Obe," Walt said putting in his two cents' worth, "you're not imagining, I hope, that even if you do die now you'll be buried right away, are you? You know darn well nobody could dig a hole in the ground, this weather. They'd just store you away in the crypt till spring and then bury you when the ground thaws out. And by that time everybody will have lost interest and won't bother to come to the burying."

That got Obadiah. He was quiet for some time and then he said, "That settles it. It's the first good reason I've had yet for hanging on. I won't die now, that's all. I'll wait till spring, when I can be buried right and proper and when people will be thinking of me and coming and feeling sad. Now you fetch me those coffin plates. I want to polish them careful."

Henrietta couldn't deny him anything after that and so she went down and opened the parlor and took them down off the wall. There were five or six of them, one

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for both her father and mother since they had been lost on the *Portland* and had been buried together, one each for Obadiah's father and mother, and then there was a fancy one for their son's first wife. There were a couple more which they'd taken from the caskets of some poor relatives whose burials they had had to pay for. They hadn't thought much of those relatives, but they figured that if they paid for the funerals they should have the coffin plates. She made a little pile of them and took them up to Obadiah.

"Here you are," she said, planking them down on the bed. "Get busy and shine them up. Guess it will take your mind off things."

"You're right. If I'm not going to die for a spell," he said, "I've got to have something to occupy my mind. Go crazy if I didn't." And he took the cloth she handed him and some scouring powder and went to work.

Walt had been hanging around all this time and he came and sat on the bed and watched him as he fussed over the plates. "Which one is that?" he asked, and Obadiah showed him. "Your father's. What do you know!"

"He was an old son of a gun," Obadiah said.

Walt took the bottle from his hind pocket. "I think this'll help you out, Obe. Take a healthy swig. You was a-sayin'?"

"About my Pa. He was a son of a gun. Why, you know when I got married he wouldn't give me a cent to get started on. Went down to Little Mills to set up housekeeping, we did. Mighty difficult thing to do on nothing at all."

He took a drink and then Walt took the bottle. He looked down the neck as though he expected to see something and Obadiah went polishing away on his father's coffin plate. "Well, how'd you do it?" Walt said finally. He reckoned it would please Obadiah to tell.

"It was this way," he said. "I did it perfectly legal. As you know it's unlawful to turn anybody out of their house on account of unpaid rent without a month's notice. So all I did was pay a month in advance when I went in the house. Never paid a bit of rent again for three years."

"Yes?" Walt said.

"You've heard of that law in these cold parts of the country that no one can be turned out of the house in the winter months? Well, I paid that first month's rent for September. By the time I got through October without paying I was just a month behind and in November when they came to

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throw me out they couldn't cause it was winter and it was against the law. I stayed right there through March and not a penny did I pay."

"But you said you stayed there three years without payin'."

"I did. There's another law around here that you can't dispossess anyone if their wife's pregnant. By that time I'd seen to it that she was. That gave me nine months more."

"That carried you up into the next winter and you were safe again."

"Right."

"Then by spring Henrietta was having another baby."

"Right. We would have stayed there forever at the rate we was going. But somehow or other in the third year something went wrong and they caught us between pregnancies and threw us out."

"Too bad," Walt said. "But then I'm glad you moved up here from Little Mills."

"Yeah, so am I. Funny thing, though, we never had any more children after those days. We sort of lost our appetite for them."

Walt handed him another coffin plate. "This sort of thing is going to help your reputation around here. This holding out for spring to die in. Sort of picturesque, you might say."

"Why, you know as well as I do, Walt, it's only a matter of common sense."

"I know that, Obe, but there's no sense stressing the sense part of it. Leastways I wouldn't if I was you."

"Have no intention of doing that," he said. "Set this here plate up against the footboard, will you, Walt?"

It shone there coppery and nice with the name of his mother and her birth and death dates. "Remember when I unscrewed it from the casket just before they let her into the grave," he mused, looking at it wistfully. "Well, this will get me no place. Hand me another."

III

It was an amazing thing that as the days went on Obadiah got more interested in living, although as a matter of fact he was just as sick as ever and the doctor didn't give him more than a couple of minutes to live at the most. He just confounded everybody, that's all, and nobody had an explanation for it except that he was a stubborn, willful man from whom you might expect most anything. As the days lengthened into weeks and he lay there cocky as you please and sassing everybody who came along,

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Henrietta sort of laxed into an acceptance of the whole situation, but as spring grew closer she grew nervous again. What could she expect, she wondered, when it really began to thaw?

It was in the middle of the night that it began to happen. Along about the end of March she had fixed Obadiah up for the night and gone to her room when he gave a shout and she came running.

"What's the matter, Obe, are you worse?" she asked anxiously.

"Quiet!" he bellowed. "Listen," and he held up a finger.

From outside the window there came the steady dripping sound of the icicles thawing and the water dropping from the eaves.

"It's spring," he said, and he tried to rise up in bed but he was too weak. "Send for Walt. It's coming now, I can see, and I want Walt here."

She flew downstairs and cranked the phone and lifted the receiver. "Give me Walt Phillips," she yelled, frightening the operator on night duty most out of her wits. "Walt," she said, "it's thawing out, and you get right over here. Obe wants you and he says it's time now for him to die."

Then she went upstairs and sat down in her rocker over the register and watched. But she didn't rock for fear the squeak of the floor would disturb him. Time went on and no Walt. She was just about to look out of the window when the phone rang and she sighed and went down and answered it.

"Mrs. Lake speaking," she said. There was a silence. "Walt, haven't you even started? Obe needs you here, so he says. . . . You're stuck in the slush! Are you standing there in your right mind and telling me it's fifty outside and your car's stuck! Well, all I got to say is use your feet and get on up here," and she slammed down the receiver and went upstairs again.

"Obe," she said, "Walt is delayed cause his car's stuck."

There was a slight noise from Obadiah and then he said, "Gol darn that Walt."

By the time Walt did come Obadiah was asleep and they didn't wake him till morning. Henrietta and Walt sat by his bed when he was waking, and through the window came the noise of cars churning in the mud as they tried to make the hill in front of the house. In the bright sunlight Obadiah indicated that he'd like to say something. "What is it, Obe?" Walt asked, leaning close.

"Walt," Obadiah said, "I want you to get me two dozen hatching

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eggs and bring them up here. I was so bored the last few months I know I couldn't lay here three weeks more without something to do."

"What do you want eggs for?" Walt asked, a little bit scared and reaching for his hip bottle.

"I can't die now," he said, "when the roads are so muddy nobody can drive up the hill to the burying ground. I've got to hang on a few weeks more till things have dried out a bit. Give me a drag of that applejack, and Henrietta, you quiet down."

He took a healthy one and lay back grinning on his pillow. "Now you get me those hatching eggs," he said. "You bring them back and put them around me here in the bed. I've got to be good for something." And he pretended he didn't hear or see Henrietta crying in her rocking chair, with her apron flung up over her face.

Walt did as he was told and he and Obadiah had a fine time setting the eggs around him. He couldn't move much, he was so weak, so there wasn't much danger of his breaking any. Henrietta warned him, "Don't you roll over on none of those eggs now. I don't want none of my bedclothes all smeared with egg. It's the devil's own job to get it out."

One week followed another and the snow disappeared and the ruts in the road got deep, but also a little drier. The time was getting closer and Obadiah lay there smothered in covers listening and listening for the chicks to peck at their shells. The window was open and the warm breeze blew the sash curtains into the room and the wind fluttered the little beard he'd grown since he was sick. It was white as snow and curled up around his face, making him look more devilish than ever.

"Walt," he said one day, "give me another snort of that applejack of yours. Those chicks ain't a-peckin' yet, and I don't want to miss 'em."

Walt gave him the bottle. "You keep it," he said. "You get good and drunk, Obe," he said. "You take a good healthy one and then you take another."

So he did, and all day long they drank applejack from what Walt had with him.

In the afternoon Obadiah said, "Good applejack," and then later, "Are the boys swimming in the river yet?"

"Yep," Walt said. "This noon for the first time I heard 'em squeal as they jumped into the cold water."

"Good," Obadiah said. "We got warm weather here to stay."

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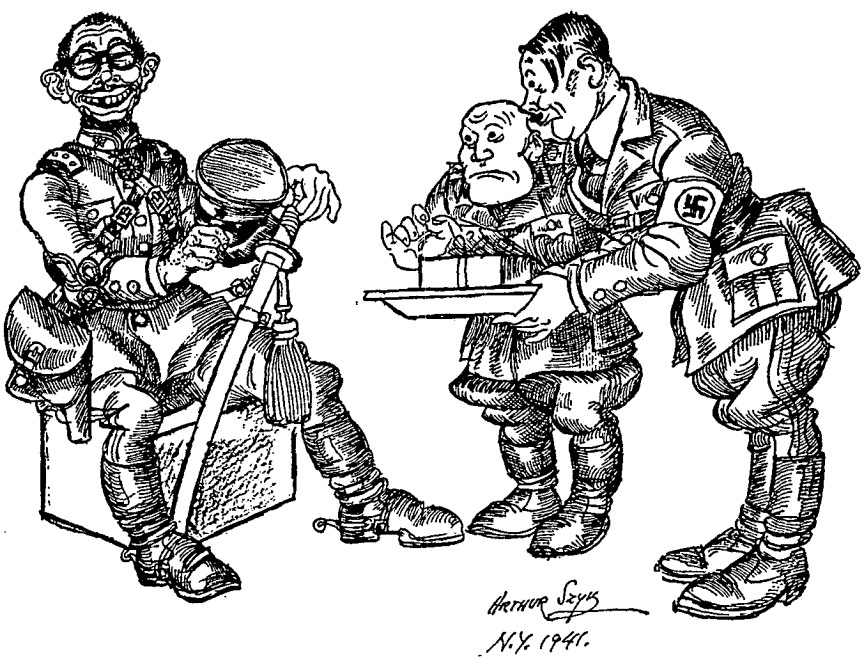
And outside, sure enough, the trees were sprouting and the grass was getting back its green and peepers were sounding in the ponds. The town was sending out scrapers to smooth down the roads and the schoolteacher was once more getting frantic because so many boys were staying home from classes and working on the farms.

"Good," Obadiah said again later in the afternoon when the sun, shining full in the windows, made him think of swimming.

Then he heard the dim pecking of the chicks. His eyes glowed brighter and he was as pleased as Punch.

He shouted at the top of his lungs as if he were in the best of health and a-raring to go, "Here they are!"

Walt took another drink and he and Henrietta watched the first little yellow chick scramble up Obadiah's neck and get tangled in his beard. But he didn't give any notice, and Henrietta knew that he was dead and didn't mind.



"O Honorable Aryan Brother, won't you join us?"

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PORTRAIT OF A PUNK

By John Richmond

A punk, in underworld parlance, is a participant in some sort of criminal racket. Punks are invariably small fry whose earnings are limited and whose standing in the underworld is as low as that of a corporal in the Army. Sometimes they rise to be big shots, but usually they remain unsung, operating obscurely within the confines of the small-time skin games.

Jimmy Lally is a punk who has lived by his wits as a swindler in several dozen assorted rackets. In the haunts of punkdom the boys tell you with admiration in their eyes and voices, "Jimmy knows all the answers. Jimmy knows the score all right." Jimmy enjoys this praise, but he expresses more colorfully his own explanation of his comparative success. "People are a pack of monkeys," he says. "They ought to let the monkeys out of the cages in the zoos and put people in there instead; monkeys got more brains."

Not that he hates people. He just thinks most of them are dopes. He has never carried a gun and has never killed man, bird, or beast. To him, swindling is nothing more or less than high pressure salesmanship, and he knows he is a masterful salesman. He is also the greatest actor who ever emoted without the aid of an Actor's Equity card. He believes that his petty rackets disarm people because of their very simplicity in a world where the desire to get something for nothing is as deeply buried in the bosom of a college president as in that of an office boy. As a smart punk Jimmy does not pick on people with hay wisps dangling from their hats, but selects by preference the half-smart egg who thinks he is three jumps ahead of the world. The surest way of making a dupe, he has discovered, is to let your victim suppose you are his. This system, he insists, never fails.

There is nothing sinister about Jimmy. He is a boyish looking young man in his early thirties whose dress and demeanor are as undistinguished as a Wall Street clerk's. He laughs at the flashy clothes and cheap jewelry worn by

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punks in the movies, for that sort of regalia would get him nowhere. He is a good talker, not glib enough to excite suspicion in the minds of the more cagey citizens he bilks. He exerts great self-control in order to mask his real feelings, and his characteristic expression is a perfect dead pan. When he draws himself to his full six feet his skinny frame resembles Ichabod Crane's. His voice is quiet but confident. His conversation is neither profane nor tough, but it is sprinkled with New York slang. His interest in the written word is restricted to one tabloid newspaper (he greatly admires Walter Winchell and fancies him a Socrates) and about a dozen pulp magazines, mainly murder mysteries. He also relaxes by patronizing three or four movies a week in the fifteen-cent movie palaces that line West Forty-Second Street off Broadway. And although he knows he is a pretty shrewd fellow, he does not deny that outside of business hours he is as sentimental as a Mother's Day greeting card. He has never married, having taken to heart a thing his mother once said to him: "Why make it miserable for two?"

Looking back on his early days, Jimmy Lally recalls them happily and takes a quaint pride in his rapid rise. He was a Dead End boy right from the grimy sidewalks of New York's Tenth Avenue, a boisterous and brawling area. As a kid he was rebellious and remained in the sixth grade for two years principally because he was happily indifferent to his lessons and devoted most of his energies to spreading itching powder on the seats of his classmates, taking particular joy in watching the little girls squirm. But Jimmy's was more a case of uncurbed youthful ebullience than of viciousness. Although social workers tried to take him in tow at the tender age of twelve, he fought them off like a tiger. At the age of fifteen he broke off his intellectual pursuits after being expelled from public school for spitting right in the eye of a teacher who had been getting on his nerves for months.

II

By this time Jimmy had already become acquainted with one of the lower forms of racketeering. He was the leading spirit behind a band of urchins who used to steal peoples' pets and return them after rewards had been offered in the newspapers. Innocent-eyed, Jimmy's job was to approach the owner and collect the reward, and the stories he told about how and

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where he had found the pets were masterpieces of invention. If no advertisement appeared, he would try to sell the pet to some neighbor for a dollar or so. If that failed, he would let it loose and forget about it.

But this small-time racket soon bored Jimmy. He craved excitement. Having chafed under the galling bonds of law and order in public school, he determined never to yield to its stultifying demands in the work-a-day world. He did not know what he wanted to do when he faced the world at fifteen, but he did know that his life work would have to be easy, exciting, and something that paid fairly handsome rewards. He began by stuffing coin box telephones at a corner candy store and pulling out the nickels. Journeying throughout the city, he netted a neat little income in this occupation and only gave it up when he was almost grabbed by one of the telephone company's detectives.

"It's funny how I really broke into the game, though," Jimmy recalls dreamily. "One day a guy came over to me and said, 'Want to make a couple of bucks, kid?' 'Sure,' I said. So I delivered a package for him to an office and collected $250." He soon learned that he was playing the part of delivery boy in the so-called fake telegram racket that still victimizes thousands of business executives absent from their offices. Delivering the package and collecting the cash earned Jimmy $25 a week. "One day the boss got real drunk and drowned at Coney Island," Jimmy muses sadly.

This mishap left him stranded, but his mourning was brief. He had already established several underworld contacts and had definitely graduated into the ranks of punkdom. He commanded the gratitude of those who worked with him because he kept his mouth shut and his eyes and ears open — incidentally the secret of success in racketeering. He was soon introduced to a ring of insurance chisellers who decided they could use him in their business of faking injuries. Though lacking the acrobatic agility required by the higher forms of this art, Jimmy went briskly to work simulating injuries of various sorts, after which he would remain in bed awaiting the examining doctor. Some of the things he was required to do he recalls today with ghoulish glee. "When I was a kid, I was terrific, the punishment I could take," he says. Once he had to tie a cardboard over his hand and strike it repeatedly with a wooden mallet, gently but stead-

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ily, until it produced swelling and discoloration. Another time he rubbed a kitchen grater on his legs and arms to simulate severe abrasions. Although this work was painful, it paid off heavily. He also faked head injuries by having another young punk tap his head with a rolling pin until a large bump appeared. And he even approximated Hollywood movie effects by having a blood-filled hypodermic injection in his ear in order to simulate the effect of a basal skull fracture. After a year he quit this racket, not only because he felt his battle-scarred body could take no more punishment, but also because he was ambitious.

Working solo, he took a quick flyer with the dumb-waiter delivery racket, bilking many a dopey delivery boy and his boss. Then he swooped down on the silk districts of the city with a confederate who would drop a wallet containing a phony diamond. This was arranged so that Jimmy and some innocent errand boy would pounce upon the wallet at the same moment. With a swift sales talk Jimmy would persuade the boy to go into a store to have the stone appraised while he waited outside the pawnshop with the bolt of valuable silk. In a flash Jimmy's confederate would appear in a cab and the errand boy would never see his merchandise again. "Those were lousy rackets," Jimmy recalls. "A guy couldn't earn peanuts." Besides, he found they weren't exciting enough, for in order to keep in proper emotional fettle, Jimmy requires excitement as a dope fiend needs heroin or a $5000-a-week movie star needs a daily dose of Stalinism.

He then tied up with an old timer, and one of his proudest memories is the first bit of bunco that he pulled off under his confederate's guidance. By this time Jimmy had acquired a vast capacity for gaining people's confidence, and as much knowledge of psychology as a professor in any jerkwater college. He struck up a friendship with a storekeeper, carefully dropping by every morning, ostensibly on his way to work, and purchasing a couple of apples for which he paid a quarter and refused the change. That was the simple build-up. After five days of this the storekeeper began to look forward eagerly to those morning visits. When that stage was reached it was time for the killing. "I'd accidentally-like knock my ring against the counter," recalls Jimmy, "and then I'd say, 'I wouldn't want to lose that stone; it's worth over a thousand dollars!' That would get

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them every time. A couple of minutes later I'd grab a cab in front of the store, and suddenly yell over to the storekeeper and tell him the stone had dropped out of my ring, probably around his store. I'd show him the ring minus the stone. I'd pretend I had an important conference down town and couldn't wait to look for it. And I'd offer him $300 reward if he found it. That would get him plenty excited and then I'd drive away." Of course the storekeeper invariably started the search immediately, and it wasn't five minutes before Jimmy's accomplice, a plain looking man, arrived on the scene. His part in this drama required the same skill in acting that Jimmy possessed. He would stoop down and seem to pick up the diamond, which he already had in his palm. The startled storekeeper would naturally insist that he knew the owner of the stone, and demand that the finder give it to him. The demand, of course, was refused. The storekeeper invariably figured he could still make a tidy little profit for himself if he offered to buy the diamond for $100. It was the confederate's job to raise this ante as high as he could. Of course Jimmy never showed up again and the diamond was fresh from the five-and-ten. Jimmy quit this racket when he discovered that his confederate was holding out fistfuls of money on him.

III

Once he toured New York and New England in his car, promoting a racket which still moves him to tears of laughter when he recalls it. "You won't believe it when I tell it to you. I'd drive into a service station and tell the guy to fill my gas tank with water. He'd think I was wacky but I'd insist. Finally he'd fill the tank and while he was standing around pop-eyed, I'd throw a couple of pills, the size of aspirins, right into the tank. Then I'd start my car and get ready to drive off. By that time the guy would be crazy with curiosity. He wouldn't know what to make of it, and would ask me what it was all about. Then I'd work on him. I'd tell him I was a chemist with a big oil company, and had discovered this secret formula that would turn fourteen gallons of water into something even better than gasoline. The guy would be so excited then he couldn't stand still. He'd want to buy some of my pills. I'd tell him it wasn't ready for the market yet, and that I was still working on experiments. But he'd be begging me for some of these

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pills. I'd pretend I didn't want to sell any more but he would insist. Finally, I'd fish around my briefcase and come up with a couple of dozen pills. I'd say they were a dollar each, make a sale and then beat it. I used to average $50 a day selling those pills. They were really aspirin tablets." Jimmy particularly enjoyed this racket, for not only did it give him a pleasant vacation but it also provoked Gargantuan belly laughs every time he pictured the station attendant trying to siphon water from his gas tank and his water-logged gas lines. Jimmy forgot to tell his victims his car was fitted with a concealed gas tank.

Jimmy's pals were appalled when he went into partnership with a girl. That is a story he doesn't like to tell everybody. One day as he ducked into a restaurant, he didn't notice that this girl followed him and managed somehow to secure a table next to his. She was rather attractive, so Jimmy stared at her frequently. Suddenly he discovered her looking on the floor, near his table, for a piece of jewelry she said she had lost. Jimmy wanted to help her look for it, but she politely refused, saying she was going over to report the loss to the cashier. She asked Jimmy if he would kindly raise his hand when she reached the cashier's desk, in order to indicate just where the jewelry had been lost. Jimmy gladly did so, but sensed in a few seconds that there was something funny about this performance. Without waiting to finish his lunch, he dashed over to the cashier and discovered that when the girl had left the restaurant she had told the cashier that the man raising his hand would pay for her meal. Jimmy paid and then rushed out and collared the girl a block away. She confessed she had sprung a racket on him, but he was so impressed by her good looks as well as her technique that he struck up a business partnership which ripened into a beautiful friendship.

She taught Jimmy a new racket. "I'd go into a barber shop or maybe a barroom. I'd get talking to some guy and tell him about a wonderful fortune teller I just met. I'd say this fortune teller could name any card he might draw from a deck, and even name it over the telephone. Of course the guy would say I was crazy. I'd offer to bet him, and the suckers would take it up every time. If nobody in the place had any cards, I'd go out with the guy and buy a brand new deck. The guy would shuffle the deck and draw a card. Then I'd pull out my address book and pretend I was looking for the fortune teller's

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phone number. What I was really looking up was the code name of the card the sucker had just drawn. The guy would call up the number I gave him and my girl would answer and by the name the sucker called her she would know what card he had drawn, and would name it in a few seconds. They always paid without squawking, but they certainly were puzzled. It was terrific. It never missed." Jimmy looked forward to making a big killing with this card-naming racket when the World's Fair opened, but the posting of extra detectives in the principal hotels and bars prevented his plans from materializing — that and his discovery one day that his girl friend all that time had been working the same racket with half a dozen other men to each of whom she gave 25 per cent of his haul. This irked Jimmy. It made him feel he was working for somebody instead of with her, so he scuttled the arrangement.

Since then he has worked solo. He cleaned up a comfortable bank roll selling widows fountain pens engraved with the names of their recently deceased husbands. Jimmy's fast sales talk convinced the widows that their husbands had ordered the pens. The obituary columns provided endless leads and the pens, which cost Jimmy fifteen cents each, netted him from $2.50 to five dollars, depending on his appraisal of his victim's financial status. "I'd certainly work myself up feeling sorry for some of those widows. Sometimes I'd find myself crying too. I was terrific — better than John Barrymore."

Jimmy explains his occupation with a simple rationalization. Swindling, he intimates, is like a play. He is the leading actor and you are the paying audience. Often, he maintains, he gives a brilliant performance; therefore you shouldn't squawk, especially since he has not only entertained you but has also taught you a lesson by sharpening your wits. As for himself, he expects to remain a punk the rest of his life. His profession satisfies him. "After all," he says, "only saps work."

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▶ *America goes into high gear on war production and Washington becomes*

AMERICA'S BIGGEST BOOM TOWN

By Donald Wilhelm

America's feverish preparations for war have set off booms in the industrial centers, have left no town untouched in some degree. But the place where it all starts is Boom Town No. 1 — Washington, D. C. Washington never before was such a spectacle, not in the previous World War, not even in the frenetic days when Gen. Hugh (Ironpants) Johnson whooped it up for the NRA Blue Eagle.

Hotel clerks smile superciliously when you ask for a room. Or if you're an old and valued customer, they will phone all over town for you and finally get you a bed in some place which, if you weren't so grateful by that time to find anything at all, you'd call a flophouse. Many a businessman flies back to New York for the night, flies down again next morning. Restaurants are packed and their prices inch relentlessly upward. The Union Station, one of the most spacious and most beautiful in the world, doesn't look so ridiculously oversized any more, with 75,000 passengers a day moving across its great concourse. In the slow-moving traffic jam of the streets, you have plenty of time to note the diversity of license plates; 15,000 tourists a day drive in to see the show, or look for jobs, or honeymoon — and this doesn't count Virginians or Marylanders. The airport is the busiest in the United States — which means in the world — save La Guardia Field, New York. It handles 65,000 passengers a month in 182 scheduled daily flights, and many of these are flights of four to six sections, which is aviation lingo for extra planes. It is sheer good fortune that the handsome new airport across the Potomac was completed just in time to serve the rush.

These things the visitor notices, amid Washington's special brand of steamy heat. But the city's workers, stirred though they are with a patriotism that is strikingly apparent, see less pleasant facts. The government employes are crowded and uncomfortable both in their offices and in their living quarters, working long hours with no over-

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time pay, worried over the impact of rising rents and the rising cost of living, on their average $1500 salaries.

There are 240,000 men and women on one or another public pay roll in Washington now and they are increasing at the rate of 5000 a month. That includes some 20,000 officers of the Army and Navy on duty here. You don't notice the officers. It was suggested that they ought to be in uniform, to stir the public to a realization of the emergency. But Some One promptly squelched the suggestion.

The horde of government employes go to work in all kinds of places. The government has taken over 200-odd mansions, hotels and apartment houses to use as offices. It is a bit startling to find the official with whom you have business sitting amid the shiny tiles of what last week, or yesterday, was obviously a bathroom. Sometimes the fixtures have been decently boxed in to serve as chairs or tables; sometimes not. Girls newly come from Iowa farms are pecking typewriters in rooms the like of which they never saw before — mirrored ballrooms with slightly naughty frescoes. The boss presides in a silk-walled boudoir, if he's lucky. Down in the old Nineteenth Street Auditorium, the typists sit in the boxes and balconies. The filing cabinets are backed up against the organ pipes. Washingtonians took the evictions meekly until the government served notice on the 346 occupants of the new and rather snooty Dupont Circle Apartments to clear out. About 100, protected by leases, refused to move and are sticking it out, though the carpets have been stripped from the lobby, and the clack of adding machines insistently leaks through the walls of their beleaguered strongholds.

The War Department, with 24,000 personnel that will be 30,000 by the time you read this, is packed into 17 different buildings at enormous cost in lost motion and delay. There is a breath-taking scheme to remedy that by erecting the biggest building in the world — 4,000,000 feet of floor space, four times the area of the Department of Commerce Building that covers three city blocks and was christened "Hoover's Folly" when it was built. It is to stand at the Virginia end of the Memorial Bridge across the Potomac. It will cost a mere $35,000,000, so Congress probably will do it. The Army and Navy have been sharing the big Munitions Building, a thing which looks like a cotton warehouse and was built as a "temporary" structure during the first World War.

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The Army now says sweetly the Navy can have the whole barn; the Army will graciously move out.

II

For all their discomfort and apprehensions, the government folk blench at the idea of living anywhere else than Washington. The Home Owners Loan Corporation is moving its 1200 people to New York, and you should hear the anguished screams! Recently the Bureau of the Budget questioned every department closely as to the possibility of moving all or part of its personnel out of Washington. What actual transfers will come of that is anyone's guess, but it has had two immediate effects. For one, bureau chiefs are bestirring themselves with comic alacrity to see if, after all, they can't find more desk space right where they are. The Department of Justice, to pick an example, found 20,000 square feet — room for 200 new employes — by such expedients as shoving Thurman Arnold's law library out into a corridor. For another, it was brought out that 17 per cent of all the government's 23,000,000 square feet, 528 acres of floor space is being used for files, and 8 per cent for dead storage — a total of 25 per cent.

Washington is Paper Town. Everything is recorded in duplicate, triplicate — one agency makes ten copies of everything. And not a scrap of paper can be destroyed without authorization of that famous tail-end committee of Congress on the Disposition of Executive Papers. No statistician has yet computed how many times around the earth the accumulated carbon copies of long-forgotten letters would reach if laid end to end, but it *is* of record that tightly packed in the government's standard four-drawer filing cabinets, they now cover 114 acres. That is desk space for 50,000 workers, giving each a generous 10 x 10 feet. A law signed a year ago permits the use of microfilm for keeping records. A few of the more alert offices adopted the method. The Civil Service Commission filmed 2,500,000 records last year. The Baltimore office of the Social Security Board films 250,000 records a day. Savings in file space are as high as 98 per cent. Cost of the filming is about equal to the cost of filing cabinets saved; the saving of office space is clear gain.

Decentralizing sounds like a bright idea until you begin to look into it. The Social Security Board moved its Old Age and Survivors' unit, some 500 of its 4500 employes, to Baltimore, and isn't happy

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about its experience. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has decentralized and doesn't like it, either. After all, every branch has numerous and continual relationships with other governmental agencies, and it is awkward and inefficient to maintain these contacts from a distance. Moreover, economies are problematical. It develops that it would cost a million dollars to remove the I.C.C. to Chicago. For a million dollars, you can still put a lot of office space under roof in Washington, and not upset thousands of families who own homes, have friends, children in school, and community responsibilities.

Housing is as scarce as office space. Washington has, in a decade, more than doubled in population. It had 700,000 residents in 1940, and had spilled another 300,000 across District lines into its suburbs. It is a long walk now between "For Rent" signs, and the latest figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics indicate rents have risen to the highest level of any American city. "It is always a shock to the newcomer to find that a one-room kitchenette and bath apartment costs as much to rent as a whole house in the state from which he came," the Civil Service Commission drily remarked in an official paper.

Still, the job-seekers swarm in. When file clerks are wanted, police have to be called to create orderly queues in the streets outside the Civil Service Commission. Some of these hopefuls help fill the great government automobile camp for 1000 cars in East Potomac Park; but no one stays there more than two weeks. Private auto camps up and down U. S. No. 1 are packed as far as Baltimore, 50 miles away; and others extend 50 miles to the south as well. A good many workers commute from Baltimore. Some are living in houseboats on the Potomac. They all somehow find a place to sleep, eventually. There are still a few ads in the *Post* in a curious code which the room-seeker quickly learns to decipher, "1st fl lrg comf frnt rm, tw beds, nx ba, unl phn, for yg wom, sgl men; $25 dbl, $19 sgl." Those in "walk dist, pvt ba, 5 wind" naturally cost more.

The government is about to build dormitories for women, as it did during the last war, and probably will have to build for men, too, though it is easier for men to find a place to live. It is, by the way, a prevalent fallacy that there are more girls than men on government pay rolls; actually, the men greatly outnumber the girls. It is likewise nonsense to perpetuate the

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myth that the girls never meet the men. One of the current phenomena is the startling rise in the marriage rate in Washington since Uncle Sam began bringing boys and girls together from every state in the union.

III

Of all the cities hit by the defense boom, Washington was perhaps the least ready to cope with the problems entailed. The telephone company is struggling fairly successfully with its impossible task. Washington instead of Stockholm now has more phones per capita than any other city in the world. There are 1,800,000 local calls a day — 400,000 more than a year ago. There are 44,000 long distance calls a day, incoming and outgoing, an increase of 57 per cent over last year, and Washington is the greatest user in the world of the overseas phone. Telegrams in and out of Washington have more than doubled in number, and the outgoing wordage of dispatches from what is now the news capital of the world was never before so enormous. Newsmen, magazine writers, authors and camera men have boosted the membership of the National Press Club to 2477, an all-time high. Columbia has trebled the staff of its radio station; the five other stations have done about the same.

The streetcar and bus system is doing the best it can to handle 4,200,000 passengers a week, which is 1,000,000 more than last year. Other services aren't rising to the emergency so well. Educators do not like even to imagine what the school situation will be this fall. Hospitals are overcrowded and are ejecting chronic sufferers to make beds available for other patients. Many physicians and dentists announce that they cannot serve newcomers; their established practice is already too large.

The capital has been shocked by a series of crimes, including attacks on women. Inevitably the boom has attracted thousands of floaters to the city, and the great growth in population has spread the police department very thin. The department has been politics-ridden, unprogressive, slovenly, thoroughly accustomed to doing "favors" for Congressmen and Senators whose friends or appointees got caught in jams. In the home town of the FBI, few Washington cops had ever attended its school for policemen.

Seat of the national government, America's show-place, spared the corruption and misrule of a local political ring, Washington should

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in theory have a model municipal administration. It hasn't. Its citizens have no vote, even on local affairs. It is run by Congress, operating through three commissioners. One of these must be an Army engineer; the others are Presidential appointees — just now, two former newspapermen. Assignment to the District Affairs committee is eagerly avoided by Congressmen. The job takes a lot of time and hard work, and gets you no credit with the folks back home in Pea Hollow. The Indiana Congressman who recently sounded off loudest about the defects of the District police simultaneously announced he was resigning from the committee. He could no longer, he said, neglect the affairs of his own constituency to do District chores.

In the shadow of the Capitol dome, Washington civic affairs are a demonstration of what "taxation without representation" and government *of* instead of *by* the people means at a time when half the world is fighting that very thing.

THE HERD

Slowly in herd the cows are brown and still,
Drinking the deep earth and the water sprout.
One step above the grass, beside the hill,
They face their single way and stand about.

Tamer than earth and pasture land and sun,
They mildly stare, converge, then let me pass
Through marshaled ranks drawn up in fear along
The low, forgotten battlefields of grass.

Marshall Schacht

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▶ *The captain of a torpedoed ship lives to tell the tale.*

CARGO LOST BY TORPEDO

By Captain L. E. Jaeckel

The *Neviston* was a ship of 7800 tons, sixteen years old, single screw, with a speed of about twelve knots. On the morning of December 5th, she pushed her drab gray nose into the white-capped, choppy cross current of St. George's Channel, her engine pulsing soberly. Anglesey light was less than twenty hours run, and if we could believe our chart and log book we should be in the Mersey river late the next day. Our holds, from bilge plates to main-deck hatch covers, and crowded into the 'tweendecks, were filled with canned foods, dried fruit, clothing, shoes and pharmaceutical supplies — the essentials of preservation for a besieged people.

As the hours passed, we began to hope, as we always did at the end of a war zone voyage, that Fate had dealt us a good hand from the deck. I had been sharing the bridge with my watch officers for thirty-six hours. We don't sleep much in the war zone. By noon a stiff northeast wind was scudding thick, gray clouds across the sky. Mr. Cosgrove, the second officer, urged me to turn in. "The weather's getting too heavy for submarines," he commented. "We'll sight destroyers soon." I was almost asleep on my feet. The ship was heaving against the wind. "We're not out of danger, Mr. Cosgrove, but I'm going into the chart room and stretch out. Call me at six bells."

"Very good, sir! We'll make Liverpool this trip," he said cheerily.

You think you are ready for the moment when a torpedo will strike. You convince yourself that the element of surprise will not sneak up on you. If you are fortunately on deck or on the bridge and can see the furrow-like wake of the torpedo, you suddenly discover that, with all your veneered anticipation of the moment, you are not prepared. Your nerves jump and your heart starts pounding. It isn't fear, it's just a matter of facing reality.

It seemed to me I had been lying on the leather-covered settee but a

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away. The ship heaved mightily, as if bowing amidship, and we could hear the rending of steel plates and on her port bow and heeled her back on her stern. I heard water cascading into the hold and knew

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THE INSPIRATION OF OUR HISTORY

Part II

By John Dos Passos

We have never been told enough about the world picture which the founders of the American republic held up to the men who followed them.

We need to look into that world picture to see how it has changed with the years and whether enough of its brilliance is left to outshine the dazzling hopes which are at present leading millions to conquest and destruction in Europe. We consider these hopes lying and false, but there is no denying their enormous energizing force. Lenin and Trotsky, backed only by a few bookish enthusiasts and some starving and ragged partisans, managed to establish their system over one sixth of the globe against all the armies and the dead weight of the old order. There is something more than a magnificent chemical industry behind the immense explosive force of Hitler's Reich.

Today in the 1940's, have we anything left of the world picture of 1776? Fascists and communists alike tell us that we have only the Almighty Dollar and the degradation and sluggishness that comes from too much property on top and too much poverty below. To answer them we don't need to fill ourselves up with the hop of another historical illusion like theirs, but we do need to know which realities of our life yesterday and our life today we can believe in and work for. We must never forget that we are heirs, at least, to one of the grandest and most nearly realized world pictures in all history.

If we can counter the death-dealing illusions of Europe with practical schemes for applying the self-governing habit more fully to our disorganized social structure, to the factories, unions, employers' associations, chains of stores, armies that are imposed upon us by today's methods of production and destruction, then the croaking doubts will be quiet. Even if it means reversing the trend of our

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whole society in order to make it continually more self-governing instead of less so, the trend will have to be reversed. The alternative is destruction.

If, then, what we aim to do is to work towards increasing the happiness and dignity of every man, just because he is a man, that is what the founders of this country wanted too; in their lives and writings is a great storehouse of practical information on how to go about it. Our machinery has changed, but the men who run it have changed very little. That the republicans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries succeeded in starting something mighty in the world I don't think even the most despairing black advocate of tyranny can deny. If the first builders succeeded against great odds, why should we who have their foundations to build on, necessarily fail?

It's worth trying to imagine, to take an example, how the problem the little group of Virginians round Jefferson and young Madison had to face at the beginning of the Revolutionary War must have seemed to them, to imagine it without the assurance of hindsight.

They had first of all a war to carry on against the most powerful nation on earth. To do that they had to induce the scattered farmers and plantation owners and country gentlemen of English origin, and the wild Irish and Scotch pioneers of the region beyond the Blue Ridge to work together and to risk their lives and property in the enterprise of independence, to forget their religious bigotries with the disestablishment of the Anglican church, to drop their local prejudices and interests for the sake of cooperating with the states to the north and south, and at the same time to concur in a radical rationalization of legal and governmental procedure. All that sounds easy when you read it in a history book, but imagine how hard it must have seemed to the men of the time, continually hampered as they were by the difficulty of communication and of transporting themselves and their goods across a country that had only muddy tracks for roads.

In spite of the immense multiplication of the complexity of organization, our problem is not so very different now: again in order to survive in a warring and hostile world we have to induce the weak and the powerful of all sections of our population to drop prejudices and bigotries and to pool their efforts in the common cause. We have probably to fight a war and to carry on at the same time stringent

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rationalization and reorganization at home. In some ways the problem is more difficult, in some ways easier. What we must have in order to tackle it is what those men had: besides the self-governing habit, the will.

But will and energy cannot be directed without an aim. The aim that moved them was the attainment of a world that could be pictured fairly sharply in the mind's eye. Of all the great mass of material that has come down to us from that day, the letters and notes Jefferson wrote and particularly the buildings he designed, which we can still see and walk around in, are of paramount interest because he had this world picture so clearly in his mind that the imprint of it was sharp on everything he did. It was as if his clear musing mind had reduced the thought of his time to a design as plain as a seal on a ring.

When Jefferson as a young man used to scramble up the steep trail among the oaks that took him up in half an hour to the top of the hill he was later to name affectionately Monticello, what kind of a world was it that he saw, looking thoughtfully at the dense-packed trees of the valley of the Rivanna and the little raw village of Charlottesville and the long ranges of the Blue Ridge beyond?

What he saw depended on what he was. He was a frontiersman, first, and always felt the great continent, stretching ridge after ridge to the west, opening out into the grasslands, rivers, plains, a boundless store for the generations growing up, the promise of a future that like a great convex mirror magnified every act and gesture of the men working their fields and building their farms in the tiny settlements along the eastern seaboard. Then he was a Virginian who shared the traditions of the high-flown gentry that came to him through his mother's family, and, through his father's, of the pushing country stock forced westward by the hardening stratification of British society. He had had the best eighteenth-century education, through his good luck in finding in Williamsburg, when he went to study law there as a boy, a small group of brilliant men, from whom he had eagerly absorbed the vanguard intellectual outlooks of Europe.

His philosophic and religious bent was impressed on him by early and thorough training in the Greek and Roman classics; it was the stoicism of Cicero and Seneca, strained through the *noblesse oblige* imperative that the English gentry had inherited from the chivalry of

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the feudal landlords, combined in the best Englishmen of the century with an intensely practical flair for experimental knowledge, the heritage of Newton and the Royal Society. Although he never went abroad until middle life he somehow managed to absorb even the literary fads and accomplishments that were the trimming on the sound broadcloth of the age, the taste for Ossian, the Gothic sensibility to landscape, the fondness for Italian music. Somewhat unique, because those were the directions in which his mind pushed out towards original discoveries, were his sense of the Common Law as a code of human rights rather than as a code for the protection of privilege, and his intense and inventive interest in architecture. Already as a young man he was planning with the help of a volume of Palladio to build on that very hill above Charlottesville a homestead that would make manifest in brick and stucco his own adaptation to the Virginia frontier of an antique Roman sense of the dignity of free men.

There was more than a trace of Raleigh in the background of the Virginia planters Jefferson grew up among, although Raleigh's colony had vanished without leaving a trace. It is a common thing for states of mind to linger on in a distant province long after they have matured and died in the metropolis; among the Virginia gentry there remained up into the eighteenth century much of the independent and overweening self-importance which had driven Raleigh and the great West Country explorers on their garish careers, and which, in the generation that followed, had formed the characters of such ardent republicans as the younger Vane and Harry Marten and Algernon Sidney. The Randolphs were a crazy crew who felt they were equal to and better than any man on earth, or king for that matter. The knowledge, on the other hand, that his father had risen from the ranks tended to give young Jefferson the feeling that he was kin, as well as to the noblest, to the humblest of men. His was the leveling cast of mind of the man who feels, not that he's one of the groveling mob of mankind, but that he is a free nobleman with only the sky over his head and so takes it for granted other men must be as good as he. Jefferson, although his education was very similar to that of the sons of the fox-hunters and place-holders of Walpole's squirearchy, had more in common with the great country gentlemen of the period of the civil wars in

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England than with the port-sodden authoritarians of George Third's ministries.

II

Into the antecedents of the American republic, I think it is useful, at the moment, to trace two main trails. One is the trail of Jefferson, that leads back through the Low Church and the traditions of the plantation families of Virginia to the country-gentleman republicanism of the seventeenth century in England. The other leads back to the Roundhead townspeople and the protestant sects. While the gentlefolk and parvenu planters and the country lawyers of Virginia were quite unconsciously laying the foundations of Monticello and of *The Federalist*, the New England towns, each one a little City of God, were developing town-meeting, building public schools and town homes and libraries and volunteer fire departments and perfecting that intense municipal organization that made it possible for the English-speaking settlements out in the great river system of the Mississippi and in the West to stick fast where the French and Spaniards who had preceded them had lasted no longer than the villages of the wandering Indians.

In the seventeenth-century Commonwealth of England these two currents had merged and fused, but after its collapse the English social system had become stratified and set under the pressure of reaction, and the setup we think of as characteristically English, in distinction to American, had come into being. But in New England, on a small provincial scale, the English republic went on. The political and religious life of Boston, Plymouth, Hartford, New Haven, Providence, Newport had much more in common with the life of the British Isles under Elizabeth and James and Cromwell than it had with the various transformations of the developing maritime empire.

In distinction from the absolute liberty of the Virginia planter, who had only to pay his tithes in tobacco to the local clergyman to be undisputed king of his acres and his bondservants and his slaves, the New England townsman was walled up in the exact limits of a theocracy. But the New England towns stayed alive and kept breaking out of the narrow shells their clergy kept tracing for them; first, because there were vast open lands to the west to which energetic men who couldn't stand the tyranny of the local pulpit could move with some certainty of bettering their

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condition; and, second, because protestant theocracy rested on the conscience of every man alone, instead of being vested in an organized priesthood.

Continually the divines tried to organize themselves into a ruling caste, but they never entirely succeeded on account of this fundamentally libertarian bias of protestant Christianity. Almost from the first moment of the first puritan settlement the conflict between the clergy and the consciences of their churchmembers began. As the towns developed it became complicated by the long struggle between the proprietors of the lands and the voting inhabitants of the towns that foreshadowed the later political history of the United States as the federal arrangements of the New Englanders foreshadowed the form of organization for the nation.

Of all the men who stood boldly up to the denunciations of the pulpit, and so helped keep the towns alive, and made possible their growth into the singularly beautiful and successful social units they became, Roger Williams stood tallest. He best exemplified the fruitful side of English protestantism, the side from which grew the Quakers and all the rational and irrational sects and humanitarian movements that we think of as peculiarly American. As Jefferson was the second, Roger Williams was the first great leader of the tendency in American life that has striven to keep the roads open instead of to close them, that has fought for self-government instead of for government by a privileged group, and that has defended liberty against the oligarchy of one of the various privileged groups who have at one time or another tried to impose themselves upon the country.

Without his influence and the success of his rash enterprise at Providence Plantations, other men in New England would hardly have had the courage to call their souls their own in the face of the convinced autocrats of the pulpit and the bench, and the New England towns, instead of being the seedbed of the nation, would have shriveled into grim little lamaseries in the granite inlets of their coast.

Like Jefferson's, Roger Williams' mind was the ancestor of the mind we, for want of a better word, call liberal in America today. With the drift of western Europe back into an epoch of wars and savage persecutions, we suddenly find ourselves very near the seventeenth century. Twenty-five years ago we could not have understood the fervors or the ideological jargon of the Cavaliers

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and Roundheads. Our time has in common with theirs the manly revolt that is behind the labor movement, the fanaticism of the Marxist and nationalist cults and the sullen hatred that people of property, and privilege, who fear that everything they own is slipping out from under their feet, feel towards people without property. Accustomed to the doubletalk of Marxist ideology, we are able easily to translate into our own terms the religious jargon of the Roundheads. We too have seen men and women dying for righteousness' sake. As they did, we live in a time of danger when life is cheap. Then as now a man who writes has to weigh his words. They had to train themselves not to be afraid of the scaffold and the branding iron; even in America with the great oceans between us and the worst of it, we can feel across our windows as we write a shadow of barbed wire.

The men of those times lived through, and brought through with them the bundle of notions that is the culture of the western world; what has been done once can be done again.

If ever a man crossed the ocean bringing the seeds of a whole civilization in his head, like the culture heroes of the old legends, it was that preacher explorer trader negotiator linguist Roger Williams. Just as it's hard to imagine the Democratic Republican party overthrowing the special interests of the Federalists who had grabbed hold of the machinery of the young republic for their own purposes, without Jefferson's broadminded leadership and the rich variety and dignity of his life, so it is impossible to see how toleration of religion and thought, or indeed self-government at all could have taken root on this continent without the long life of fiery preaching and canny negotiating and the good-natured hardihood of Roger Williams.

The side they fought and worked and lived for hasn't won by a long shot. Perhaps it never can win. But to let the other side win we know means death. It has been the struggle between privileged men who have managed to get hold of the levers of power, and the people in general with their vague and changing aspirations for equality, for justice, for some kind of gentler brotherhood and peace, which has kept that balance of forces we call our system of government in equilibrium. Sometimes one scale is up and sometimes another. Sometimes the conflict is acute and at other times barely visible under the

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prosperous surface of eras of good feeling. Now that we feel that the struggle is sharp and violent, waged in the difficult and unfamiliar terrain of a new system of production, when we rack our brains for hope and understanding for the future, it does us good I think to remind ourselves that in spite of hell and high water men in the past managed to live for and to establish some few liberties.

ONLY THE FREE

BECAUSE men walk beneath the sky caring
neither for justice nor dignity — because
the minds and wills of men become confused
by reason of their multitude and manner
of their knowledge . . . because the ignorance
and want of men turns to greed and hate
and self-destruction, alters not the ancient
birthright of freedom for men upon the earth.

Freedom is the father and food of peace
and charity; the tree on which the fruits
of righteousness are grown; the structure, strength
and ballast of mighty nations. Without freedom
no law nor kingdom will endure; without
freedom a man becomes a walking shame,
flinging his curse against the sun. Only
the free may be at once both good and great.

Only the free may take his hope between
his hands and walking on his fear contrive
a better home; only the free may turn
the waste and desolation of uncertainty
to orchards for the healing of his hunger;
only the free may look upon the coming
storm, the flood, the sudden danger in the dark,
and know his neighbor waits within his call. . . .
And though the towns be touched with poverty,
the fields be steep and full of stones, the task
be great, the tools be few . . . where freedom reigns
the land is rich with promises that greed
nor force can conquer, nor thieves can take away.

MATTHEW BILLER

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NEW FACTS ON DOG DIETS

By Ruth Ringle

Veterinarians find that a large percentage of dog patients suffer from malnutrition. When dogs could forage for themselves, they ate a healthy diet. They fed themselves almost entirely on meat, but they got vitamins and all other needed food elements by devouring the viscera, blood and bones of their kill. Today's dogs, whether city, country or kennel pets, are almost entirely dependent on their owners to feed them adequate, healthful diets.

We have long been poetic about our dog pets; sung of their faithfulness and undemanding love, yet we haven't been very practical and considerate in their care. But dogs are having their day in the research laboratories at the University of California. Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, internationally known nutrition authority, has been doing some research in canine nutrition there and has proved that a dog's looks, vitality and health are entirely up to his master.

In the laboratory tests, extreme symptoms were produced by extreme deficiencies of the various food elements. But a slight deficiency, not immediately apparent, may eventually ruin health, vitality and resistance to disease. If your dog has skin disorders and a dull coat, becomes finicky about food and seems to have lost his enthusiasm for life, it is probable that something is lacking in his diet. If his ration is known to be adequate and still he loses weight and is in poor condition, worms may be suspected.

A good diet for all dogs should include meat, eggs, vegetables, fruit, cereal and milk. If the dog weighs 25 pounds he should get ¼ to ½ pounds of meat, an egg, ¼ pound of vegetables, ¼ pound of fruit, ⅓ pound of cereal and a cup of milk every day. If your dog weighs 75 pounds, he should get 1½ pounds of meat, an egg, ⅔ of a pound of vegetables, ⅓ pound of fruit, ¾ of a pound of cereal and a pint of milk.

These are total rations. Serve the milk and cereals in the morning, the remainder in the evening

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to a grown dog. Puppies should be fed small amounts of food at frequent intervals. The meals should decrease gradually, but the quantity should increase. Growing dogs need a larger proportion of milk and eggs, and liver should be the meat course every few days. Nursing bitches need about twice the usual amount of food.

The meats served may include beef, lamb, liver, kidney, fish; vegetables should be spinach, string beans, peas, asparagus, cauliflower, tomatoes, beets and turnips. Contrary to popular belief, onions and garlic are not good for dogs. Experiments uncovered a definite anemia-producing effect in dogs from feeding onions. Cereals may include dog biscuit, bread, whole grain and cooked cereals.

All the food should be cooked. Raw meat may contain dangerous parasites such as flesh worms or trichinae, which would infect the dog. But high temperatures may destroy the food value of the proteins. The wisest course is to cook the meat to boiling point (212 F.) which will kill all possible parasites. Eggs also should be cooked, for Dr. Morgan has proved that dogs do not digest uncooked egg whites.

Vitamins, Dr. Morgan found, are just as important to dogs as to their masters. Dogs must have regular rations of vitamins A, B and D. A dog has the advantage of his master when it comes to vitamin C, however. Men must include some C-containing food in their diet every day, but dogs are able to produce this vitamin by their own body chemistry.

Tests proved that serious results follow a deficiency of vitamin A; damage to the body that is sometimes lifelong, sometimes fatal. Four dogs from the same litter were used in one test. A male and a female were put on a diet adequate in vitamin A, and a brother and sister drew the unhappy lot of testing a low-A diet. This program lasted only from the time of weaning to one year of age, when all four were fed a normal diet. But irreparable damage had been done to the dogs deprived of sufficient vitamin A. At the age of twenty months the low-A male developed a suppurative skin disease and had to be destroyed. The other male, receiving plenty of vitamin A, played with his sick brother but did not contract the skin disease. He later went through a siege of distemper, but today is the prize sire of his colony. The low-A female is two years old, but has never matured genetically, while her A-fed sister has raised a fine litter of pups.

There is definite knowledge that

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lack of vitamin A can cause eye disease with severe corneal ulcers which leads to blindness, and a peculiar paralysis and muscular weakness. As in humans, an ample supply of vitamin A greatly increases the resistance to infections, especially of the respiratory tract. Alfalfa meal, which may be added to dog foods, is an excellent source of the vitamin, but butter, green vegetables, tomatoes, carrots, prunes, liver, liver oils and egg yolk also contain it.

The various elements which make up vitamin B are also necessary. They may be added to the diet through whole grain cereals and grain embryos. Wheat, corn and rice are the best sources. Without sufficient vitamin B_1 (thiamin), a dog will lose his appetite and is subject to digestive ills and paralysis of the hind legs. The amount of B_1 needed is not governed by the size of the animal, but is in ratio to the non-fat calories of the food. Diets low in fat require about five times more vitamin B_1 for health, and three to five times the usual amount is required for nursing bitches. Concentrated wheat germ, which is packaged commercially, has a rich supply of B_1.

Lack of vitamin B_6 (pyridoxin) brings on a severe anemia which in one dog was fatal in five months. Without riboflavin, found in liver, kidneys, brewer's yeast and milk, another dog had paralysis, extreme nervousness, and an infection of the jaw and lungs. Without nicotinic acid, found in meat, brewer's yeast, eggs and peanut meal, another dog died of bloody diarrhea in four months.

The filtrate factor of vitamin B_1, recently discovered and known as the "anti-gray-hair" factor, plays an important part in dog health. Lack of this filtrate, the best source of which is liver, results in digestive disturbances and loss of appetite, but the most striking result is the fading of hair color. A few months of filtrate deficiency and the hair becomes grizzled. When the filtrate factor is added to the diet, the results are almost instantly noticeable, and within a few months richly colored hair will again grow in.

Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, is especially needed by growing dogs. Without a sufficient amount dogs develop rickets. There is no natural food source of vitamin D. Plain cod liver oil is the safest source of extra vitamin D. Viosterol, sometimes used as a therapeutic in vitamin D deficiency in humans, often causes poison symptoms in dogs. A few

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drops of cod liver oil should be added to the diet at weaning, and the amount increased gradually to one or more tablespoons daily, depending on the size of the dog and the season. Winter's lack of sunshine should be compensated for by increased amounts of cod liver oil. And the apartment-bred dog should get more than the outdoor dog.

Dogs, like all other red-blooded animals, need a regular supply of blood-building minerals. Iron, the premier blood-builder, is of two types, organic and inorganic, both of which should be included in a well-rounded diet. Liver, kidney, red meat and egg yolk supply organic iron; and apricots, peaches, prunes, spinach and other green, leafy vegetables are good sources of inorganic iron.

There's another reason for including green vegetables and fruits in a dog's diet. It is considered probable that copper, which these foods contain, aids in the utilization of iron by the body. Research has shown that the iron of meat muscle is only 25 per cent to 50 per cent assimilable; that of alfalfa and spinach is also of low availability; but the iron of fruits is almost entirely absorbed and used. A few prunes, peaches, apricots (dried) or raisins added to a dog's daily menu will be an inexpensive and certain way of giving his regular iron ration. And he'll like them, for dogs have an active "sweet tooth."

An abundance of calcium, the bone building element, is essential to growing dogs, and adult animals should have a regular amount, too. Milk is the best source, with cauliflower and other vegetables as second best.

Phosphorus is also required for bone health, and meat is the richest source. It has been found that most rickets, in both children and dogs, is caused by a lack of phosphorus — either an insufficient amount in the diet, or a failure to absorb what is eaten.

II

More and more pet owners are depending on canned or dry prepared dog foods; the industry does a 100-million-dollar business annually in this country. But certain precautions should be taken in feeding prepared dog foods. To be sure of quality, look for the Seal of Approval of the Committee on Foods of the American Animal Hospital Association. They evaluate, chemically and biologically, the foods submitted to them. Only a few states have laws governing dog

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foods, and many cheap, worthless and sometimes harmful foods are put up for dogs. Read the label before you buy. Most canned foods consist of meat by-products, or meat, fish, fish meal, cereal products, vegetables, ground bone, and sometimes yeast and cod liver oil.

Don't be misled by vitamin claims. Vitamin A, B, or D may be added to prepared foods, but not in sufficient quantities to supply a dog's needs. Then the eccentric qualities of vitamins must be considered. Vitamin A is apt to vanish when exposed to air or sunlight; even if plenty of A has been put into dry foods, it may have disappeared from exposure before your dog gets it. Canned foods, protected from light and air, usually retain their vitamin A. But vitamin B_1 may be lacking in canned foods. This vitamin withstands heat poorly and may be destroyed at high canning temperatures — as much as 80 per cent is sometimes lost in this way. The nutritive value of proteins is also greatly lowered by excessive heat.

Another consideration in prepared dog foods is the type of proteins and carbohydrates they contain. Soy-bean products are used in many dog foods as a carbohydrate base, but nutritionists believe soy-bean carbohydrates are largely not assimilable. Fish meal, often used in dog foods, may not be a good form of protein for dogs. Laboratory tests show that it fails to support normal lactation in nursing bitches.

A good quality of prepared dog food may well serve as the main part of a dog's diet, but these foods should always be supplemented by fresh meat, fruit and vegetables. Dr. Morgan reared a litter of five fox terriers on a mixture of four well-known dry commercial dog foods and added 20 to 30 per cent of prune paste to the diet of three of the dogs. The prune-fed dogs' rate of growth and general condition were astonishingly superior to the others. Prunes are a good source of vitamin A.

The activity, size and environment of a dog must be considered in planning individual dog diets. If the dog is very active, as for instance the professional sheep herder or the athletic squirrel chaser, his ration may be increased by 25 per cent. If he is a city plutocrat, reduce his diet ration from the norm to keep his health up and his waistline down. But he must always have protein, carbohydrates, vegetables and fresh water. On such a regimen a dog will be healthy, happy and handsome.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

The Un-Americanizers

By Benjamin Stolberg

The most effective way of dividing this country is still xenophobia — hatred of the alien. Such minorities as the Negroes, the Jews, or even the Catholics are not ubiquitous enough to satisfy an all-out, All-American vigilantism. But the alien can be invented by retroactive gerrymander: all one needs to do is to create a few more millions of "immigrants" or "newer Americans" by stirring up the ancestral complexes and recalling the "foreign backgrounds" of a nation which has grown by immigrant accretions.

This technique of artificially alienizing our population in the name of Americanism is simplicity itself. First one bisects our citizenship into the foreign-born and the native-born. Then one separates the native-born into first, second, third generation Americans. One can play with genealogical fractions. Then the game can be sophisticated by all sorts of cross-obsessions. A second generation American with a Polish grandpa, and name, is clearly less American than a first generation American with an English mother, for more Englishmen than Poles came here first. According to Mr. Albert Jay Nock, Jews are not Americans at all, even if descended from Portuguese settlers in Florida in the mid-sixteenth century; they are unassimilable "Orientals." In this spirit of regressive vigilantism we can cut up the American people chronologically until we hit the Indians. And the Indians, please remember, are a bunch of Chinamen who sneaked across the Bering Straits unmindful of our later Asiatic exclusion laws.

But in this essay I shall not deal primarily with this vulgar vigilantism, which is as old as our history, though especially sinister at this hour of totalitarian danger. Vulgar vigilantism would be no serious menace if a militant democracy did its plain duty in self-defense. For years the Federal Communications Commission, which bars the word

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"hell" from the air, allowed Father Coughlin to insult and divide our people with his racial obscenities, uttered in an accent so alien that one can't even place it. Today this Republic tolerates, against the spirit of the Constitution and against the laws of several states, some two hundred hooligan organizations, such as the Silver Shirts, the Christian Front or the American Destiny party, and hundreds of publications of equal social depravity. In the last analysis, Pelley, McWilliams, Coughlin, Winrod and other such demagogues of the political and social underworld would be no problem at all, if the prosecuting authorities, aided by competent psychiatric counsel, were on the job.

Here I wish to deal with the opposite of xenophobia, namely with the professional xenophiles, the sentimental alien-lovers, full of sensitive misunderstanding and condescending compassion for the "newer" Americans who, they assure us, are just as good as those of "old stock." Strangely, and yet necessarily so, their high-minded divisive technique is precisely the same as that of the alien-baiters, and if anything more dangerous because of their seeming enlightenment. They confuse those decent and often influential Americans whom the Pelleys can't touch. While the vigilantes talk of hunkies, polaks, kikes, wops and niggers, the social reformers in "Americanization" are full of admiration for the wonderful cultural contributions of all these groups. But just the same they first have to alienize them in order to "unite" us all the better.

Now, of course, we have genuine aliens, at present about 3,500,000 of them. They present certain problems, especially the refugees. And there are authentic immigrant and refugee aid societies which deal with these problems expertly. An infinitesimal fraction of these aliens are, no doubt, German, Russian and Italian agents, who are not in need of Americanization but of the attention of the FBI. But our professional Americanizers are not much interested in the preempted field of assimilating future Americans. Their business is to "Americanize" practically the whole American nation.

One of the fanciest of these mutual assimilation societies is the Common Council for American Unity, born in 1938 of the twenty-year-old Foreign Language Information Service, and supported by several big Foundations. Let me say right here and now that the motives of the Common Council

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and other such groups are as noble as its works are confusing and ominous. The Council informs us:

> From being a comparatively homogeneous country, the United States has become a land of many peoples and religions. The original Indian population has dwindled to 350,000. The 13,000,000 Negroes are a sharply differentiated group. We have more than 250,000 persons of Oriental birth or parentage. Of the white population more than 40,000,000 are foreign born or children of immigrant parents. . . . These figures take no account of 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 grandchildren of immigrants . . . who are not separately enumerated in the Census. Nor do they distinguish the 22,000,000 Catholics . . . the 4,500,000 Jews and some 6,000,000 people of Eastern Orthodox and other non-Protestant faiths.

Good Lord! With all them foreigners around we had better get busy assimilating ourselves to ourselves. For though the Census thoughtlessly fails to inform us just how many descendants of the Pilgrim fathers are now part-Jews, Bahaists, Octoroons or Czecho-Osage, one thing is clear: by such divisive logic the actual *majority* of 130,000,000 Americans are more or less foreigners in their own country.

But before I plunge with the Common Council into its noble task of naturalizing America, I must be excused for a passing statistical glance at responsible immigration figures. Before World War I (1914), when we did not have to invent aliens, we had a lot of real immigrants. Between the Civil and the World War more than 30,000,000 of them came to an America far less populous than today. In some years they came about a million strong. But for almost an entire generation we have admitted proportionately fewer immigrants than any other great Occidental nation. Our first quota law was passed in 1921, and in 1924 it was amended into the so-called National Origin Plan, under which the number of immigrants from any country was to be 2 per cent of the number of its nationals who were here under the Census of 1890. In 1927 and again in 1929 this law was slightly revised.

The result is that between 1929 and 1940, inclusively, we have admitted only 917,796 immigrants and non-quota visitors. An authority on immigration tells me that during these last twelve years only about 500,000 quota immigrants were admitted. Properly weighted against our population growth, immigration to this country for over a decade amounted to only .025 per cent of our total population. And we are getting stricter all the time.

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II

According to the professional Americanizers, however, these figures are statistically smart-Alecky, silly, irrelevant and tell nothing of the problem. The problem is, they insist, that we are a medley of cultures from many lands, a Babel of tongues and customs, an acrobatic pyramid of old, new, newer and newest Americans, the low man carrying the rest. They point out that Buffalo (or is it Chicago?) is the biggest Polish city on earth, Cleveland has more Czechs than Prague, New York is the biggest Italian city, and so on and on. After which the professional friends of the aliens always trot out Johnny Pupic.

Johnny Pupic is a native of Akron of Slovenian parentage. The muscles, sweat and tears of Pa Pupic and Ma Pupic built this country. But instead of being proud of it, he is ashamed of his "cultural background." By Freudian suppression Johnny is Slovenian, by geography he is an American. A terribly inter-cultural struggle therefore tatters his psyche. Though he is just as good an American as, say, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., he suffers from a sense of inadequacy and insecurity toward his "old stock" neighbors. In short, he is a wreck and the pimples on his face may well come from this *Kulturkampf* in his breast.

The solution, of course, is to have Louis Adamic and Mrs. Roosevelt have a good talk with him. Louis, a really fine but sentimental fellow, has unfortunately become our leading Professional Immigrant, and is one of the moving spirits and Exhibit A of the Common Council for American Unity, and our First Lady is the perfect friend of all "newer" Americans. Louis would show Johnny that, as a Slovenian by descent, he is the scion of a rich, deep, splendid folk-culture; and Mrs. Roosevelt would reassure him that he is just as American as F. D. R., Jr., and that all he needs to do is to uncork his frustrated Slovenian culture and permit it to mingle with young Roosevelt's older American heritage. The result of this wonderful interfusion would be real Americanization.

No, this is not a straw man I am putting up. This is the ethnological applesauce with which the sentimental Americanizers hope to cement our "national unity."

Now, I have lived in every part of the country, in all the "greatest" Polish, Czech, Ukrainian and Luxembourgian cities in the world,

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from Maine to California. I know intimately many Johnny Pupics — and Jill Manckiewitzes and Sidney Rosenbaums and Christopher Paccellis and Jack O'Reillys — all natives of this great land; and I know some of their parents, many of whom were also born here or came here so long ago that they have no "cultural background" struggle of any kind with their children.

The truth is Johnny's life is, alas, confined to his Akron culture. He isn't suppressing a desire to burst forth into a Slovenian folk-song and his feet are not itching for a Slovenian dance. Slovenian literature and art are a closed book to him. The only way he could "revive" his Slovenian culture is through a museum interest. And for that he has neither the training, the time nor the inclination. After a day's work at the Goodrich Rubber Company, he either has to attend a union meeting or he wants to have a good time. And a good time for Johnny Pupic and his girl friend, Alice Wright, has no Slovenian or Anglo-Saxon significance. They like to go to the movies, to dance the conga or to improvise boogie woogie songs. Johnny speaks the American language, which is the only language he knows. When he feels lowbrow he reads *Pic* or *True Detective* and, when highbrow, the *Satevepost* or THE AMERICAN MERCURY. If Johnny has intellectual or social ambitions, and Pa Pupic is a well known haberdasher and a member of the Rotary, Johnny may go to Ohio State or even to Harvard. In that case he does what other Americans like him do.

Johnny is typical of the kind of people the Common Council would integrate into American life via their "cultural backgrounds." The Johnnies who are "ashamed" of or sensitive to their background are neurotic and not average. The immigrant and his problem-children are vanishing types. Ask the editor of any foreign-language paper what the future of his paper is. He will tell you it has no future. The melting pot stopped boiling unofficially in 1914, when the first World War broke out, and officially in 1921 with our first immigration quota law.

Moreover, the sentimental bosh of the Common Council for American Unity and similar do-gooders to the contrary notwithstanding, it is most undesirable for Johnny, or his family, to become artificial Slovenians for the sake of becoming better Americans. There is nothing beautiful or rich or ennobling in Polish, Russian, Yorkshire, County

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Cork or Slovakian culture *per se*. Every culture has all these qualities, but only when it springs from the soil which nurtures it and when it serves an environment which needs it. Slovenian culture *is* rich — but only in Slovenia. Its artificial stimulation among the American Pupics could only be cheap and tawdry, for we have no soil in which to nourish it. Johnny's cultural forebears are not the heroes of Slovenian legend but the heroes of American history.

To be sure, certain minority cultures are enriching America. They are the contributions of real and permanent, as against artificial or evanescent, minorities. Many Jews feel themselves to be a historic minority, the Negroes are a racial minority, the Catholics a religious minority. Their specific contributions to the stream of American life must be allowed all freedom, for their suppression would infect the whole social body of America, of which they are genuine members. But the synthetic revival of old-world cultures, without natural bearers in this country, can do only two things: it can help support such organizations as the Common Council, and it can divide the American people into impotence in defense of our democracy.

This romantic, social-settlement conception of America as a noble and rich poly-cultural goulash has already done a great deal of harm. It is re-hyphenating a good many Americans who ought to know better. Mr. Justice Ferdinand Pecora, Pierre Van Paassen and others recently helped to launch a new society of Americans of foreign birth for the defense of American democracy. A number of other such hyphenated organizations have recently sprung up. Judge Pecora came here from Italy at the age of five. What does he know about Italy? He cannot express himself in any other society but his own American environment. To whom does he have to prove that Americans of Italian descent are Americans?

Then again, chronic reactionaries too sophisticated to play with the Silver Shirts and their ilk, find it easier to give vent to their natural xenophobia when dozens of self-righteous, alien-conscious organizations keep confusing our national outlook with their romantically divisive piffle. In a recent issue of *Scribner's Commentator*, the Scripps-Howard aviation writer, Major Al Williams, hit out at the famous airplane designer and pilot, Major Alexander P. de Seversky, by branding him a "refugee," al-

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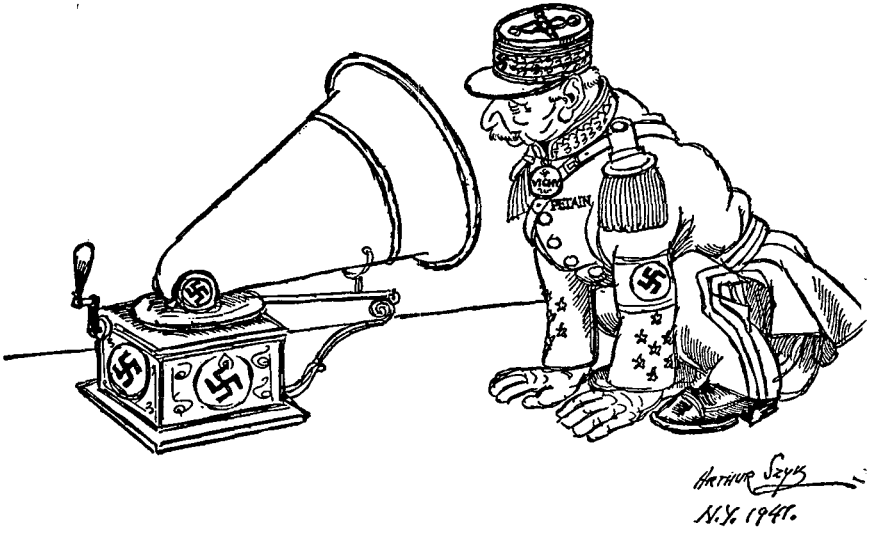
though the Russian-born aviator has been here nearly a quarter of a century and has made a greater contribution to American aeronautics than a dozen Al Williamses. That was the *Commentator* idea of an "answer" and a "rebuke" to Major Seversky's purely technical discussion of Charles A. Lindbergh's views on aerial strategy. Such sinister "tagging" of Americans according to birth, at one end, is merely encouraged by high-minded "tagging," at the Adamic-Pecora end.

To divide our people on the basis of "old-stock" or "newer" Americans is meaningless and can have no other but a reactionary effect. The Common Council for American Unity, for all its high-falutin' lingo, does not understand the simplest, and only, definition of an American: he is an American who is a product of American life. Johnny Pupic may be "as good" as an "old-stock" American, or better, or worse; he may love America or he may hate it; he may be a Democrat or a Totalitarian; he may be a wonderful fellow or a scoundrel. But he is an American for one reason only: it's his country. He wouldn't fit anywhere else. One might help him in many ways, but one can't help him to become an American. He was never anything else.



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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Happy Life of the Woodchuck

In late April or early May, when the sunlight is first lying warmly again across fields and pasture lands, and the slow wheel of the seasons has again brought the green of chlorophyll to the grassy meadows, there is a stirring of countless newly wakened animal lives in burrows underneath the meadows' surface. It is the stirring of roused woodchucks. They have come out of a five months' winter sleep as deep and absolute as the sleep of the ice-sheathed oaks and elms, an oblivion as profound as the frozen oblivion that has possessed the desiccated bodies of wintering queen wasps, and now in the warm root-smelling security of their under-earth burrows they have mated and brought forth their young. The cycle of woodchuck life is linked in intimate harmony with the enormous cycle of the year, stirring into activity and procreation in that time when the year is in its spring vigor and vast fecundity, maturing during the slow hot season of midsummer which is the earth's high noon, lapsing into quiescence and a kind of almost-death when the year diminishes at last to its autumn and enters into the wintertime of quietness and slow-pulsed rest. In the spring, now, the woodchucks are fresh from their great sleep. The mounting sun has taken the last frost from their earth. Warm furry body against warm furry body, they have obeyed the obscure tremendous impulse to breed and beget; and now their young lie curled in the dark nest-chamber, three or four of them, foetus-curved, milk-smelling, looking like little bears. Around them, packed against the earth walls of their birth chamber, are linings of withered grasses and dry leaves, brought into the burrow by the heavy-bellied mother during the last days of her pregnancy. The young lie still in the warm darkness, nuzzling furry teats, sucking milk that tastes of meadow grass, kneading a warm maternal belly with flat-thumbed little paws.

Not for many days, weeks, does a young woodchuck make acquaint-

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ance with the outer meadow world which will be its adult universe. May has become June before on some sunny morning, when the grass is still dew-wet after the night, it waddles on leisurely plantigrade little feet to the burrow-entrance and sets out for explorations among the tansy stems. It has been weaned now, and has learned the smell and taste of grass-blades and green shoots, and it has come to resemble the parent woodchucks which gave it birth. Its heavy-set body, which will be more than twenty inches long when it is fully grown, is nearly half that length now. It is a body like a furry squirrel's, with a broad short head, a blunt little nose, a fuzzy-haired tail that sticks straight out behind. The young woodchuck has taken on a thick grizzled-brown fur, softer and tawnier around its belly and under parts, nearly black on its strong-clawed little forelegs. It has the look, as it stands erect on its hind legs at the burrow entrance, with forepaws folded and small rounded ears alert to the meadow sounds of this world into which it has newly come, of a very small and very placid bear.

All wild animals exhibit, from early in their lives, particular personalities: crows wary and mistrustful, as predators must be; woodmice nervous and quick-motioned, as creatures must be whose metabolism can be sustained only by a nearly incessant food-hunting; copperheads and rattlesnakes indolent and apathetic, serene in the protection of their deadly defense. The young woodchuck confronts its world of sunny clover blossoms and rippling daisy tops in a mood of leisured and low-keyed well-being. There is no need that the rhythm of its blood be quick and ever-urging, like a wood-mouse's, for its foods are every kind of green growing thing in every meadow; its forage ground is limitless and omnipresent; it can feed at easy leisure and never fear starvation. The woodchuck needs not the wariness of the predator nor the wariness of the preyed-upon. Save for humanity, it has not many enemies. Eagles, foxes, wildcats, bears . . . there are not many of these in the meadows. The woodchuck's life is to be given to a placid browsing and drowsing in the sun, a munching of grass shoots in the cool hours of sunrise, a slow lumbering exploration on unhurried strong-clawed little feet, of a world whose ingredients are only meadow smells and the earthy coolness of subterranean burrows and the good feel of the sun.

It is in about the sixth week of

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its life that the woodchuck, returning from a day of nibbling wild-carrot tops and playing with its brothers (for the woodchucks, for all their placidness, love playing, and tussle like bear-cubs in wild frolicking rigmaroles), enters into its birth-burrow and receives, instead of a welcoming from its mother, a cuff and a nip and a little chittering cry of anger. It is the token that on this day the period of babyhood has ended, and that the young woodchuck is an adult now: henceforth he must go alone and be no longer a member of a family. He has become an intruder; he must make his own way in the meadow world.

II

All the rest of the summer the young woodchuck, adult now, is solitary in his browsing and wandering and dozing in the sun. His claws are full-grown and hardened; his furry tail is six inches long; his hind feet leave in the soft earth a print nearly three inches long. All through the hot, drowsy days of summer he learns the final lores of adulthood. He learns to flatten himself motionless in the high grass when he hears the *cac-cac-cac* of a slaty Cooper's hawk or sees the sidling shadow of its wings; he learns to know the night barking of foxes, and the queer screaming squall the vixens make; he learns the whereabouts of the thickest-growing clover and vervain and yarrow, and he finds the shortest way to a nearby brook and treads with his flat-soled paws a tunneling trail to it through the concealing grass. Most importantly, he contrives the digging of his first burrow.

In a place where the meadow earth is soft, the woodchuck tunnels downward, slantingly, throwing the excavated earth in a mound behind him as he works. For four or five feet he extends the sloping tunnel, sometimes with a gradual turn in it, and then he makes a curious hump of earth in the tunnel's floor. This is to serve as a kind of barricade. It makes it impossible for any eye, peering into the burrow mouth, to see farther along the tunnel; it constitutes a protection behind which the woodchuck can establish an observation stand. The barricade-hump built, the woodchuck continues tunneling then, further and deeper, and presently hollows out a circular chamber well down below the line of winter frost. This is the central den, the sleeping place, the ultimate retreat from any enemy. But the making of it does not signalize

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completion of the burrow. Out from the central chamber the woodchuck digs another corridor. He extends it a few feet or a few yards, and then, abruptly, he tunnels upward. He makes a shaft now which, since it is dug from below, necessitates the scattering of no visible pile of excavated earth when he reaches the surface. Its exit is an inconspicuous orifice, hidden in the tangle of the grass. It is not an easy place for an enemy to find. An enemy's notice is apt to be directed, rather, to the earth-mounded burrow entrance, a long, long way away.

Sometimes, in a summer, the woodchuck may build burrows to the number of half a dozen: burrows in the hayfield, burrows handy to the growing corn, burrows far in the woods for the insurance of solitude and security against any event. All summer the woodchuck pursues his placid labors, leisurely digging, leisurely nibbling and browsing and dozing. He utters, occasionally, a little fluting whistle, at the sight of some passing danger. He frolics occasionally, as all wild creatures do, in solemn little antics of solitary playfulness. Rarely, he brawls briefly with another male of his kind for proprietorship of a burrow. The pattern of his days is peaceful, quiet, not harming any.

On a night in fall the woodchuck's sleep grows curiously deeper than usual. He stirs, when the morning sun comes to the meadow, more reluctantly than in the summer dawns. The time has come now when the year is entering into its decline, its long cold sleep, and the woodchuck that came into birth with the spring is touched now with the slowing spirit of the autumn. More and more deeply the woodchuck sleeps, as the nights pass. With the withering of the leaves of the trees, the going of the birds, the life grows ever less and quieter in the woodchuck's blood. Presently, on a frosty dawn, the woodchuck does not wake at all. His pulse is slowing, slowing; it has become only a dozen beats a minute, whereas in summer it was eighty. The woodchuck is curled up now, in his nest chamber, curled in his foetus-position of the spring. His temperature is hardly forty degrees. Slower and slower becomes the breath of his life. He breathes ten times a minute, five times, twice. Presently he breathes not more than twelve times in an hour. He has completed the cycle of his first season of life. In the spring he will stir and mate. Now, as the year has done, he has entered into the Great Quiet.

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THE LIBRARY

Poetry and the Common Reader

By Mary M. Colum

There are signs of a resurgence of interest in poetry as there was during the last war. Now, a new interest on the part of the public means a new vigor in poetry itself, for poets look to an audience, even those poets who announce that they express but do not communicate. For some time the poetry-reading public has been ignored or mocked at by various verse-writing cliques, and this is one of the reasons why the bringing out of poetry by the professional publishing houses has been limited and the reviewing space in the literary weeklies and other publications much curtailed.

If one inquired why this limitation, the reasons given were all the same. It was said that no appreciable amount of real poetry was being written, that the only readers of poetry, especially 'modernist' poetry, were those who wrote it, and that these also happened to be the usual reviewers available for poetry. Since they were never capable of coping with any kind of verse except the type they wrote themselves, there was no public interest in poetry reviews.

All this is true, and these are a considerable part of the difficulties that the poets now find themselves involved in. But at all times the difficulties that the practitioner of any art, but especially the art of poetry, had to surmount have been very great. First, there is the economic issue: the difficulty of a man devoting his life to a work of great importance to any civilization, demanding high gifts and unceasing cultivation of them, and finding that no provision is made for his everyday living. The modern world expects to pay for the goods of commerce and even to make wars for them, but generally considers it should get the goods of culture gratuitously and without any consideration about how the producer of them has to live. When a writer in the New York *Times* a couple of years ago wrote ecstatically of the

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glory of Yeats' poetry, pointing out enthusiastically that it was all free to him who would help himself, one wondered if he thought for an instant how the old poet lived, and why his country, which had pensions for its soldiers and policemen, had none for its great poet.

Apart from the general economic difficulties there are a multitude of others. There are always the obstacles a new poet, no matter what his promise, faces in getting a first book published. Many well-known poets, Yeats and Edwin Arlington Robinson among them, had to raise money to bring out their first books themselves. Then, the book having been published, there is the difficulty of getting it competently appraised by some reviewer who knows the difference between poetry and the welter of books of vanity verse. There is the difficulty of the poet's getting in touch with his audience.

Now as to the audience. It has been consistently neglected in our time. The radio has cultivated a wide public interest in good music; there would be a public for poetry, too, if an opportunity were offered it. Everybody who has ever lectured on literature throughout the country knows that there is an audience eager for poetry which really does not know how to get into communication with it, and whose main contact with it comes through local lady sonneteers and versifiers addicted to reading their own works on all occasions. That this sort of thing is not poetry most of even the simplest readers of verse are well aware. The more sophisticated readers often know far more about poetry than the writers of it or the writers on it.

We have at the present time cliques of poets or versifiers, every clique having standards of its own, sometimes very narrow and limited ones, and an actual contempt for poets with other standards. The narrow standards, the simple notions of poetic criticism belonging to these cliques, come from the difficulty of intercourse and communication between poets in a country of this extent. There is a tendency on the part of those whose work appears in the same magazines or who come from the same colleges or the same section of the country to admire only the work in their respective groups.

Each of them has a particular theory of poetry, the most resourceful in invention being the group who trace all modern poetry back to the French symbolists with a seasoning of Gerard Manley

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Hopkins. To fit in with their theories they have even invented a history of the beginnings of modern poetry. Who was the original begetter of this imaginary history we do not know, but we find it most trustingly, assertively, and quotably expressed in an introduction to a widely circulated anthology of modern poetry edited by Selden Rodman[1] This editor, rooting around for what he calls the demarcation of modern poetry, which he says is a personal matter at best, goes right ahead with his own notions. "W. B. Yeats," he informs us, "not only knew Gerard Manley Hopkins before his death . . . he also attended the famous Tuesday receptions at the apartment of Stephen Mallarmé in Paris, *fin de siècle*."

It would be hard to find a single sentence in contemporary criticism that contains more mistakes. Not only did Yeats never in his life attend Mallarmé's receptions — he told me himself the summer before his death that he had never even laid eyes on Mallarmé. Yeats was no linguist, and though in his late forties he took some lessons in French from a Berlitz teacher in Dublin, he could not read a French symbolist poem — not to speak of following a discourse at Mallarmé's Tuesday evenings, even if he had ever been there. He may have actually laid eyes on Gerard Manley Hopkins, he may have even met him; but he certainly did not know him, did not read his poetry until late life, and the opinions he expressed show that he was not attracted to it. One must remember that Father Hopkins had scant literary contacts and those mostly by letter. He was a member of a religious order and had to get permission for all activities outside community ones. That an elderly English Jesuit in Dublin would want to consort with an unknown young Irish rebel poet (Yeats was twenty-four when Hopkins died) is most unlikely, even if Hopkins got the permission of his superiors and the twopence for his tram fare which a Jesuit going out of the monastic grounds had to ask for. So I think we can cut out the Hopkins saga as well as the Mallarmé Tuesday evenings as links in modern poetry. Incidentally, Selden Rodman gives two separate dates, ten years apart, for Hopkins' death, and both are wrong.

II

Another of our moderns, Randall Jarrell, who is one of New Direc-

[1] *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry*, edited by Selden Rodman. $3.00. *Random House*. 1939.

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tions' *Five Young American Poets*[2] and who has been given a lot of scope in writing poetry criticism in *The New Republic*, has another surprising idea — ideas of this sort are always attached to Yeats or Gerard Manley Hopkins. Young Mr. Jarrell is convinced that Yeats' poetry was metamorphosed by 'modernistic' poetry. "Yeats had his poetry so changed by it that his later work is neglected or disliked as modern by most of the admirers of his earlier poems." Anyone at all, let alone a critic, who gave attention to it would know that Yeats' poetry after his forties took its shape and language from (1) his experience in working in the theatre and in hearing his own words spoken from the stage by different and differing voices: poetry for Yeats was always something to be spoken or chanted, not just something for the eye; (2) its content was influenced by his reading in modern philosophy and history, at which he worked extensively and which interested him more than modern poetry; and (3) by the popular and traditional literature of his country.

Yeats was familiar with the work of Pound and Eliot, but he was not a good evaluator of modern work, nor had he much interest in it, although he was willing to listen to what people said about it. After all, we ought to recognize this about the Yeats of our time: his position was solar, not planetary; he gave out influences, he did not receive them. He had a partisan liking for the work of his friends and disciples, and this liking led him into uncritical estimates.

Besides this on modern poetry, Randall Jarrell has a line on what he calls 'modernistic' criticism. I quote from an article in a July issue of *The New Republic:*

> It has resurrected or defended dozens of poets whom academic criticism had discarded or disgracefully undervalued. One immediately thinks of Donne, Webster, Raleigh, Jonson, Wyatt, Fulke, Greville, Herbert, Marvell, Hopkins.

First, as for Hopkins, his published volume appeared in only 1918, and criticism since, academic and otherwise, has done very well by him. As for the others listed, they are the very poets that academic critics and literary historians always made much of. What Randall Jarrell really means is that some contemporary verse writers are now getting acquainted with their work. What he himself needs is a course in the older critics and literary historians: old George Saintsbury, for a beginning, would be good.

[2] *Five Young American Poets.* $2.50. *New Directions.*

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The trouble with so many of these young poets and critics is that in a country of this size they have little chance for that impact of mind on mind which is the best way of making them aware of their own powers and deficiencies. The smaller countries, for this reason, are the best nurses or midwives for poetry. Then, too, in this country so many of the new poets and critics are either teachers in colleges or holders of the newly established 'creative fellowships' that they get the teaching psychology; they conceive of literature in terms that have to be explained to students and are likely to attach themselves to outworn nomenclatures such as "Romanticism," and hazy ones such as "Symbolism."

New Directions, a publishing firm which devotes itself to modernistic work in prose and verse, though not exclusively, is doing a work of great value without much prospect of financial returns. But its work would be more valuable still if the firm had a stricter editorial policy and did not regard with awe every line produced by their authors. They do everything possible to present the work of American poets, and in their *Five Young American Poets* they have given us a volume which we hope will have its yearly successor. But why was there not somebody on the editorial staff to tell Mr. Randall Jarrell that the following kind of verse was not sufficiently related to poetry to be given a place in the volume?

> From the tamer, the crammer, the trainer,
> The torturers' shredding hours,
> Who would have dreamed for a minute
> That love and love's perfection flower?

Nobody in the beginning of this century could get included in an anthology verse with so little in it. A hospitality so wide as is offered by New Directions is not really good for these young poets who have too little self-criticism to start with. We would like to say that we are not picking on Randall Jarrell in particular; he happens to be characteristic of a whole group of young writers, and his product is very available at the moment.

III

In the introduction to Selden Rodman's anthology and in Randall Jarrell's foreword to his own contribution in *Five Young American Poets*, the interested reader will find lists of what these two consider to be the characteristics of modern poetry. Rodman's list is true of almost any poetry from Horace on, though a few of the characteristics

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mentioned came in as recently as Wordsworth. None of them are modern in the sense of having emerged through any contemporary experiment. The bulk of Jarrell's list is true of any poetry except the sort he is considering; the rest makes no sense at all. As a common reader of poetry I should like to mention from that reader's point of view a couple of the recent tendencies that are apparent in contemporary poetry.

There has been coming in for some time a form of writing that is a something between prose and verse; it has the succinctness, the economy of language of verse, without the ecstasy. Some of the most remarkable examples of it have been written by Marianne Moore, and I am sure that its influence will be considerable. In other writers some of it is like the Horace of the *Epistles* and the *Satires*, a comment on everyday life. In certain examples of it the line of demarcation between prose and verse is non-existent.

Then we have in verse, too, that modern type of writer, the commentator, commentating on events and people and happenings. The best form for the verse commentator is the eighteenth-century heroic couplet, the form used by Roy Campbell in his recent *Flowering Rifle*. This is so thoroughly eighteenth-century in manner that any of it, except for its references to present-day people and events, might have been written in the time of Goldsmith or Pope:

> Calm in the solitude while armies die
> The Guadarramas sweep the western sky
> Where tragic suns in crucifixion slow
> Bleed rubies on the silver saws below.

W. H. Auden and others have adopted an equally characteristic eighteenth-century form, the rhymed octosyllabic.

As for the technique that some writers declare they have taken from the French Symbolists or their adapters, with the exception of one or two outstanding figures nobody has made this technique such a characteristic expression of himself that he stands out through it from other poets. An anthology of poetry of this last kind is likely to seem as if it were all written by the same person, it is so singularly lacking in personality and individuality. Occasionally in an assembly of it one finds a distinctive poem like Muriel Rukeyser's "Boy with His Hair Cut Short," but about the bulk of it there is the desolateness and sickness of an old passion.

Life-long readers of poetry who cannot be satisfied with youthful

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experiments and skilful surfaces have two really distinguished volumes by American poets this year — Ridgely Torrence's *Poems* [3] and John Peale Bishop's *Selected Poems*.[4] Both are mature as poets, for both know their own potentialities and their own medium. John Peale Bishop knows our own time, and he knows it because he knows what former times were; he knows history; like Yeats, like Eliot and the truly modern poets, he understands the significance of history and takes themes from it. In Ridgely Torrence's *Poems* there is that radiance, that transforming action which belong to real poetry; he gives us the sense that what is happening around us is being looked at, not by a commentator, but by a seer.

[3] *Poems*, by Ridgely Torrence. $1.75. *Macmillan.*
[4] *Selected Poems*, by John Peale Bishop. $2.00. *Scribner.*

CHECK LIST

FICTION

THE HARP AND THE BLADE, by John Myers Myers. $2.50. *Dutton.* A few first novels — but a very few — bear a guarantee that their writers are going to have the career of successful novelists. John Myers Myers is very distinctly the writer of such a first novel in *The Harp and The Blade.* He is a man who knows a period and so is marked for an historical novelist. But an historical novelist with a difference, a modern, streamlined historical novelist. John Myers Myers uses the English of today and peppers it with our own colloquialisms. And without any archaisms in language, this author can make us feel we are in a distant land at a distant period. His hero is Finnian, an Irish harper and poet, moving through a France that is being ravaged by the Danes and a rabble of native freebooters. One feels that if France emerged from such devilment in the tenth century, maybe Europe of today will emerge too.

SLIGHTLY PERFECT, by George Malcolm-Smith. $2.00. *Random House.* "Slightly perfect" refers to the main character, but it might be a description of this novel itself. It comes near being a first-rate example of the Picaresque in a modern style. George Malcolm-Smith has discovered a delightful field for picaresqueness — Amos Carter's Acres of Fun, with the human oddities of its carnival troupe. And he has hit upon the right personage to interact with the "carny" folk — Milton Northey Haskins, the rising young actuary of the Nutmeg Insurance Company of Hartford, one who knows all about life expectations and hardly anything about life. Involving young Mr. Haskins with his lightning arithmetic and his calculations with the concessionaires and the "gleeks" (the human oddities of the side show) gives fresh and original comedy.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, by A. J. Cronin. $2.50. *Little, Brown.* This new novel by the author of *Hatter's Castle* is the story of Francis Chisholm, a Scots priest, from his poverty-stricken childhood to his struggles in a mission in China. Melodramatic in spots, but sincere writing makes it convincing.

THE BATTLERS, by Kylie Tennant. $2.50. *Macmillan.* The battlers of this story are the migrant laborers of Australia, who struggle for self-preservation on the road. A story written with sympathy and understanding.

(*Continued on page 381*)

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THE OPEN FORUM

L'AFFAIRE CRANE-GARTZ

SIR: Yesterday I attended an "indignation" meeting at the home of Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz, the only really civilized and cultured and friendly woman of her generation I've met in California. It was all on account of an article, "The Red Queen of California," you had let Mr. William Henry Chamberlin write for your magazine. Countless letters now will probably be bombarding you from all over this part of the country, protesting that article as being "unfair," "scurrilous," "untruthful," "malicious," etc., etc., because those were some of the terms let loose up there yesterday, which I feel sure flew on rapid wings to New York straight for your editorial conscience — if any!

In this connection I too promised to write a letter! It is an effort, at least, at a fair and relatively unbiased interpretation of a noble and generous woman; and you may print it as a free contribution to the cause of truth in journalism.

In 1936 I returned to Los Angeles from a two-year "hermit" experience, and after a public talk on books and writers, met Mrs. Gartz, who gave me her books to read. I wrote an appraisal. She liked it very much and engaged me to write the story of her family. For six months I examined all the private diaries of her father and mother, and got to know the entire family fairly well. Mrs. Gartz then said she didn't want to go on with the story; but as a result of that study I am forcibly impressed by the contributions, cultural and otherwise, which I think her family has made to America.

At times Mrs. Gartz has engaged me to give book talks to a weekly Tuesday Meeting she has at her home. For thirty years or so, forty or fifty of her friends and neighbors have been coming together at the Tuesday Meetings to talk, have tea, and to meet and exchange gossip with the most charming, generous and cultivated woman in Pasadena, if not in the whole state. I have met Paul Jordan Smith there; Upton Sinclair used to be a regular visitor. I have always believed, in fact, that some of Mr. Sinclair's ideas were gotten from her writings. In one of his novels, *100%: The Story of an American*, she appears as "Mrs. God."

Ernst Toller came straight to her home and gave his first American lecture there. She sponsored the $5.00-a-plate luncheon held for him, which I attended, and got almost choked on tobacco and guttural, sentimental talking. She helps support the Pasadena Community Theatre. I was told that she once paid a well known writer's expenses to China — presented her one day at a luncheon with two or three $1000 bills, just because she had expressed a wish to see China. There is a bungalow court owned by Mrs. Gartz where many impecunious writers (some of them quite well known) have lived for a long time. I've seen letters to Mrs. Gartz from a great many other "big names," expressing gratitude for money or for favors done.

Mrs. Gartz is about the only writer I've ever met who has written for forty years without being forced, at any time during that period, to write merely for "the money." She writes for love.

JOHN G. MOORE

Hollywood, California

SIR: Mr. Chamberlin's "portrait" of Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz, the Mme. de Sevigné of California letters, is a palpable attempt to cloak reaction in the mantle of "humor."

No one can expect, after reading Mr.

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Chamberlin's uncharitable laugh-fest, that either he or yourself is capable of appreciating the genius in Mrs. Gartz' writings. But it should be obvious to anyone that here, at least, is a generous and great-hearted woman who has turned what might have been a life of unproductive luxury into a long, sincere struggle to improve the lot of others and make our nation a better place to live in.

It would be surprising if any writer's observations and conclusions were not open to challenge occasionally. Which cannot alter the fact that Mrs. Gartz deserves a great deal of credit for her serious and thoughtful concentration on really important problems, resisting the temptation to listen to the strains of the mass of our people fiddling while Rome burns.

JACK SPARGAS

New York City

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: The dire consequences of writing and publishing a piece about America's most prolific letter-writer have been made abundantly clear. Nothing that I have written about much more important subjects has elicited such a stream of protesting comment, some vituperative and some extremely verbose, as my sketch of the Red Queen of California, Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz.

Apart from the inevitable letter from Mrs. Gartz herself, fan mail on this subject has included such specimens as an extremely lengthy letter from a gentleman who, by his own account, seems to have played the role of historian, biographer and literary critic in Mrs. Gartz' court and a shorter, more spirited missive from a good lady whose *leitmotiv* was: THAT HORRIBLE BEAST CHAMBERLIN. As *The New Masses* had just likened me to the "loathsome beast" of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," I began to wonder whether I am unconsciously some kind of Great Beast of the Apocalypse.

I don't want to supply too much grist for the umteenth volume of *Letters of Protest*, in which everything that is written or received by Mrs. Gartz in the mails finally seems to find its place. But I might briefly offer the following suggestions:

(1) That among the admirable qualities of character which Mrs. Gartz doubtless possesses a sense of humor is conspicuously lacking.

(2) That anyone who, like Mrs. Gartz, sets out to lay down the law to the whole world from a Mount Sinai of self-assumed righteousness should be able to "take it" as well as to "dish it out."

(3) That if Mrs. Gartz had wished to invalidate my suggestion of a trend toward personal exhibitionism she might have omitted the description of the luxuries and glories of her mansion, "The Cloister," reprinted on pp. 19–21 of *Letters of Protest* from an article by a visiting journalist. And some of the numerous portraits of the author in various poses in *Off to the Antipodes* might also have been spared.

Finally, in order to demonstrate the spirit of invincible goodwill with which I regard the Red Queen, her courtiers and her works (a bit of very sad news in this teapot tempest is that her last letter was written to Adolf Hitler in 1938 and that she gave up discouraged when *der Führer* failed to reply) I end on this note:

Long live the Red Queen! May she reign ten thousand years and write thirty-nine volumes of protesting letters, each funnier than its predecessor!

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Cambridge, Mass.

FOR AN IMMEDIATE U.S.A.F.

SIR: Major de Seversky's articles in the MERCURY have helped to show that the failure of Congress to rescue military air force from the thraldom of army and navy officialdom is nothing short of courting national peril. Indeed recent events in Europe have demonstrated that an army or navy is helpless unless it has above it a strong protective air force, and that such protection is best afforded by an air fleet not shackled by army and navy domination.

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The physical conditions themselves call for an air arm of equal rank with the other two defense services. The land and sea lie at the bottom of a world-enveloping ocean of air. Just as creatures that crawl on the sea bottom are no match for sharks that dart swiftly through the water over and around the crawlers, so it is with an army or navy crawling on the land or sea when opposed by swift and deadly sharks of the air. The crawlers are all right, but they should not dominate the fliers operating in a different and wider element.

Orthodox army and navy officers, although competent in their special fields, nevertheless resent somewhat the growing importance of air power, and so are not the men to create an effective modern air fleet. If promotion of motor vehicles and airplanes for transportation had been sponsored by livery stable and railroad men, then we might expect army and navy specialists to develop a competent air arm. An air force tied as a mere appendage to army or navy cannot function so effectively as one operating independently in its own natural element.

No intelligent person denies the vital necessity of land army and water navy, but Americans should heed the words of Churchill when he paid tribute to the RAF: "Never before have so many owed so much to so few." But for the independent Royal Air Force, Britain, notwithstanding her powerful army and navy, probably would be a conquered island today.

Congress and the President should create, immediately, an independent United States Air Force like the RAF, headed by men schooled in military aviation, and not by hide-bound traditionalists such as those who crucified the prophetic William Mitchell.

LLOYD E. PRICE

Fort Worth, Texas

ANTI-SEMITISM DISSECTED

SIR: Really, that article in the July MERCURY by Maurice Samuel on anti-Semitism is as fine and fundamental an analysis as I have read in many a year — and I've read many. Would you be so good as to tell him for me that there is something very searching about that article, which I appreciate.

And, *thank you*, too, for such an article.

W. S. MEAD

Sparta, N. C.

AMERICAN CENTURY

SIR: The following was written by Charles Nelson Hale, an early resident of Chicago, *now living in his hundredth year:*

FOUR FREEDOMS! Can a
greater boon
Be offered by a state?
As lesser nations battle on
In slavery and hate!

It is the experience of a century compressed into four lines.

KENNETH D. MCQUIGG

Chicago

TEXAS YARNS

SIR: How I love forums! Let me say that Helen Huntington Smith's piece about Texas in July was pleasant and readable, like so much you print.

Makes me recall a story of the family desperately trekking Texas-ward, driven and penniless, who had facetiously painted on their wagon, "Good by, God, we're going to Texas." Some other-minded person passing by altered the position of the comma so it read, "Good, by God, we're going to Texas."

TERESA MOTHERAL

Oakland, Cal.

THE POOR WHITES OF NEW YORK

SIR: Why did Frances Ensign Greene go to all the trouble indicated to find squalor, filth and poverty when by just going around the corner in New York she could find the same conditions magnified many times, and without sunlight?

"Puck"

Albion, Indiana

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THE CHECK LIST

(*Continued from page 377*)

NON-FICTION

IN THE MILL, by John Masefield, $2.00. *Macmillan.* This is a section of John Masefield's autobiography. *In the Mill* is written with the simplicity that seamen often show, reminding readers of such books as *Two Years Before the Mast.* The present Poet Laureate of England, as a young man, held a job in a carpet factory in Yonkers, and his account of it makes an exceptionally good book. During the time he was a mill hand he discovered the poets and the great storytellers, and made up his mind to attempt a literary career. But work in a factory, for a young man who had been on a training ship and who had worked on a farm, had disadvantages that might have made a man whine. The best things in the book are his nostalgic memories of the sea and his reflections on the labor conditions that affect the bulk of people in our civilization. *In the Mill* is a wise as well as an entertaining book.

GENERALS AND GENERALSHIP, by General Sir Archibald Wavell. 50¢. *Macmillan.* A professional is always worth while when he talks about his calling. When the calling talked about is one that has had the greatest effect on history and has been the subject of poetry and romance, and when the professional can marshal his thoughts clearly, the talk is bound to be exceptionally interesting. General Wavell is a good soldier and also a very articulate one: his estimate of great generals adds to our knowledge of history. He goes back to Socrates for an account of the good general's qualifications. "The general," Socrates begins, "must know how to get the men their rations and every other kind of stores needed for war." Practical sense and energy are the two most important qualifications, according to both Socrates and General Wavell.

A THOUSAND SHALL FALL, by Hans Habe. $3.00. *Harcourt Brace.* Among the teeming books to come from the collapse of France this stands out for its sheer drama, good writing, good reporting. The author, a volunteer in the French Army, lived through the debacle, escaped from a prisoners' camp and now, in America, recounts the spectacular story. — E. L.

A HISTORY OF MEDICINE, by Arturo Castiglioni. $8.50. *Knopf.* This voluminous and impressive work has been known in the original and in several translations in Europe for many years, and its publication in English here is an important event. Its famous author is now an exile in this country. It is a book that can be criticized only by the specialist; nevertheless it is of immense interest to the layman because it deals with man's struggle for health through the ages.

HOLMES-POLLOCK LETTERS: *The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Sir Frederick Pollock, 1874-1932.* 2 vols. $7.50. *Harvard U. Press.* It is not often that both sides of an intimate correspondence between two intellects of the first water are made available. The interplay between the greatly human judge and England's fathomlessly profound scholar begins on a legal note, but soon broadens out to range the whole world of ideas and events. A travel book for the mind, this. Even the reading suggestions contained in the letters chart adventure for those inclined to follow. — M. F.

PONY TRAILS IN WYOMING, by John K. Rollinson. $3.50. *Caxton.* Mopping up on the Indian-fighting and bull-throwing era of Western tale-telling, Mr. Rollinson indites a simple, factual record which is natural fodder for the armchair cowhand.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

EDOUARD HERRIOT, three times Prime Minister of France and Mayor of Lyons from 1904 until the fall of his country, is among the foremost democratic statesmen of our epoch. At 69, the great French leader, as his article shows, is able to rise above the collapse of his nation to speak with the old unwavering faith. America last saw him in April, 1933, when he visited President Roosevelt to discuss world affairs.

CARL BOTTUME is a New Englander who has been a New Yorker for four years, working for a radio network.

UPTON CLOSE writes and lectures with authority on Pacific and Far Eastern problems. Since 1917, he has been newspaper correspondent, government investigating officer, adviser, explorer and inquiring traveler in the Pacific Basin.

JOHN DOS PASSOS' publishers (Harcourt, Brace) call his forthcoming book *The Ground We Stand On* "a new kind of history — a sort of television of yesterday." This month we publish Part II of his introduction to the book.

JACK GUINN covers the Capitol beat in Austin, Texas, for INS. He is 25.

CAPTAIN L. E. JAECKEL reports: "I am a New Yorker by birth, educated for the law, but with an overwhelming passion for the sea . . . I have been a seafarer for twenty-five years and served my apprenticeship before the mast on windjammers . . . shipped on American, British, Norwegian and Belgian vessels. I am an alumnus of Hamilton College."

FERDINAND LUNDBERG, author of *America's Sixty Families* and *Imperial Hearst*, has been working for three years on a book dealing with the social role of the legal profession. It will be published sometime next year.

RUTH RINGLE was a professional singer in a Los Angeles radio station before she began to write continuity and produce programs. She has abandoned music to write for magazines.

WINTHROP SARGEANT is former music editor of the New York *American*, contributor to magazines, and author of *Jazz: Hot And Hybrid.*

OTTO STRASSER has been called "Hitler's Nemesis." Political theorist of the Nazi party, he eventually broke with Hitler and left the country. From outside, he directs the anti-Nazi Black Guard front which operates inside Germany.

FREDA UTLEY, author of *The Dream We Lost: Soviet Russia Then And Now*, is a recognized authority on the Far East and Russia. She lived and worked for six years in the USSR as the wife of a Russian citizen and in 1938 was China correspondent for the London *News Chronicle.*

DONALD WILHELM is a long-time Washington writer and an expert on business subjects. His best-known book is *The Story of Steel.*

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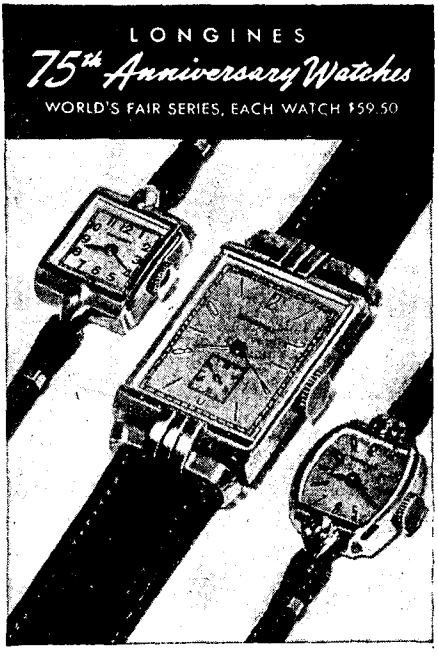

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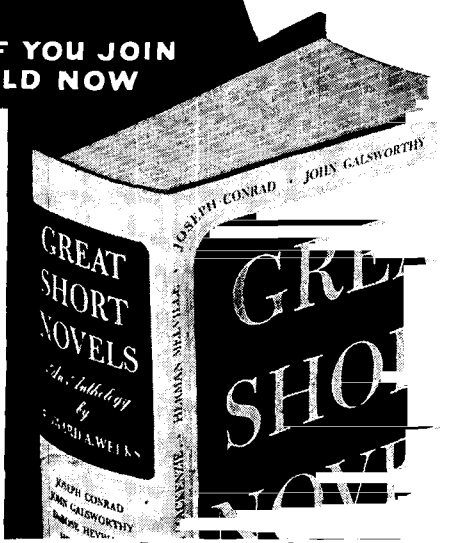

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